

SMASH



AUGUST
No. 54

COMICS

10¢

WHEN
MIDNIGHT
MEETS
HAMMER-HEAD
HORGAN
AND
SMEAR-FACE
SCHMALZ,
THE FUR FLIES!

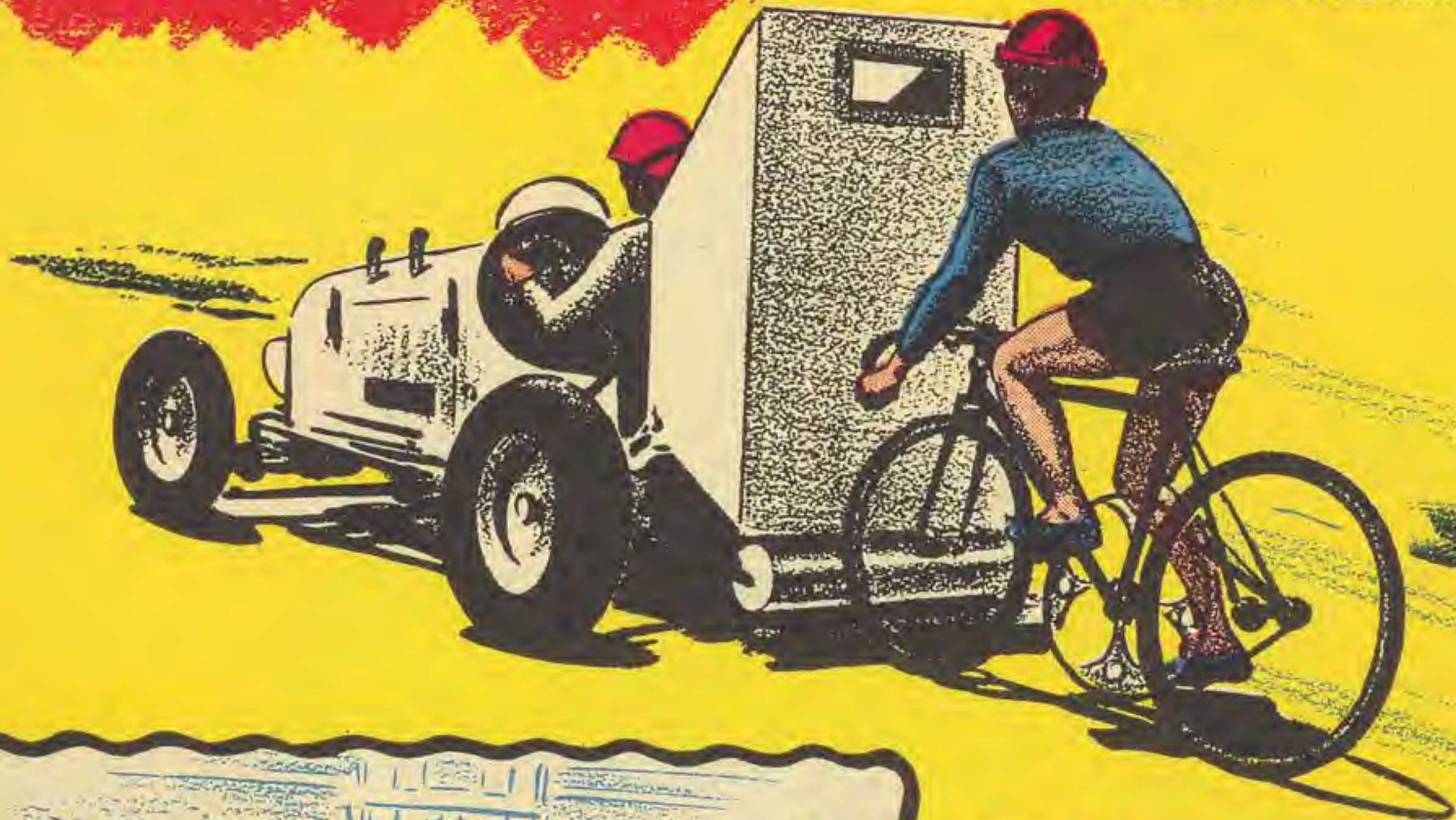


AL DRYANT

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BIKE-OLOGY

108.92 MILES AN HOUR- ON MAY 17, 1941, ALFRED LETOURNEUR, RIDING BEHIND A FAST AUTOMOBILE, COVERED A MILE IN A FRACTION OVER 33 SECONDS, AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 108.92 MILES PER HOUR. A SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED WIND-BREAKING SHIELD HELPED LETOURNEUR IN TURNING IN HIS BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.

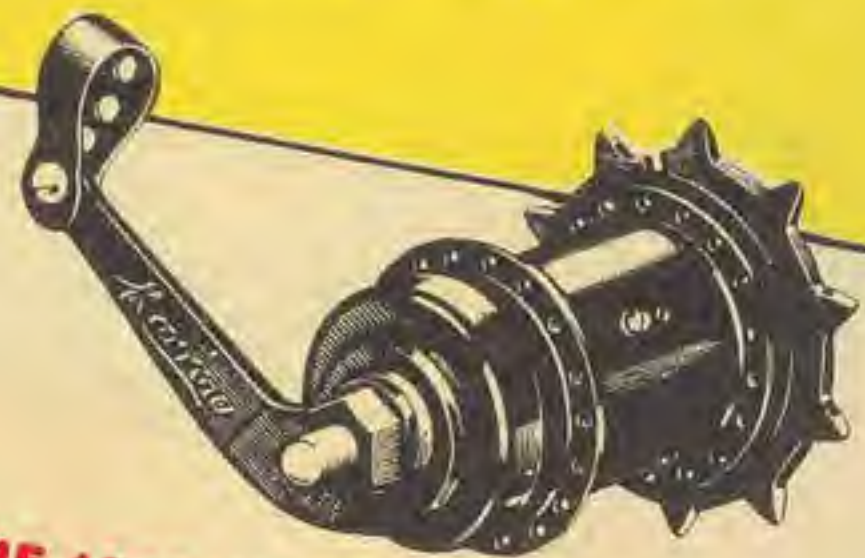


THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL 6-DAY BIKE RACE

WAS HELD IN THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1891. THE INTREPID ANKLEERS OF THOSE DAYS DID THEIR RACING ATOP WOBBLY HIGH WHEEL BIKES, WHICH WAS SOMETHING OF A CYCLING FEAT IN ITSELF.



VOLENDAM, HOLLAND- IT FORMERLY WAS THE CUSTOM IN THIS QUIANT DUTCH TOWN, AFTER A WEDDING CEREMONY, FOR THE BRIDE'S FATHER TO PRESENT THE GROOM WITH A BRAND-NEW BICYCLE AS A TOKEN OF HIS APPRECIATION.



THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE

HAS PLAYED A VITAL ROLE DURING ALMOST A HALF CENTURY OF BICYCLING HISTORY WITH OUR ARMED FORCES IT HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW". MAKE SURE THE NEW BICYCLE YOU'LL BE GETTING IS EQUIPPED WITH "MORROW".



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION.

MIDNIGHT

HE
DID IT!

by
PAUL
GUSTAVSON



HERE MAY NOT BE
HONOR AMONG
THIEVES ANY MORE, BUT
THERE IS SOMETIMES
SENTIMENT AMONG CROOKS!
TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE
PATHETIC CASE OF
HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN
AND **SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ**
AND WHAT A LITTLE MATTER
OF MUTUAL BIRTHDAYS DID
TO THEIR BLOOD FEUD!

IT WAS A MESS WHICH HAD
EVEN **MIDNIGHT DIZZY**
BEFORE IT ENDED -- AS
USUAL -- WITH THE PARTIES
OF THE FIRST PART FIRMLY
ENTRENCHED BEHIND THE
WELL-KNOWN EIGHT-BALL!!



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A STORY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE, SO LET'S START THIS ONE ON THE CORNER OF FIRST AND MAIN STREETS, ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON...

TOWARD THE FATEFUL CORNER FROM MAIN COME SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ AND HIS BODYGUARD

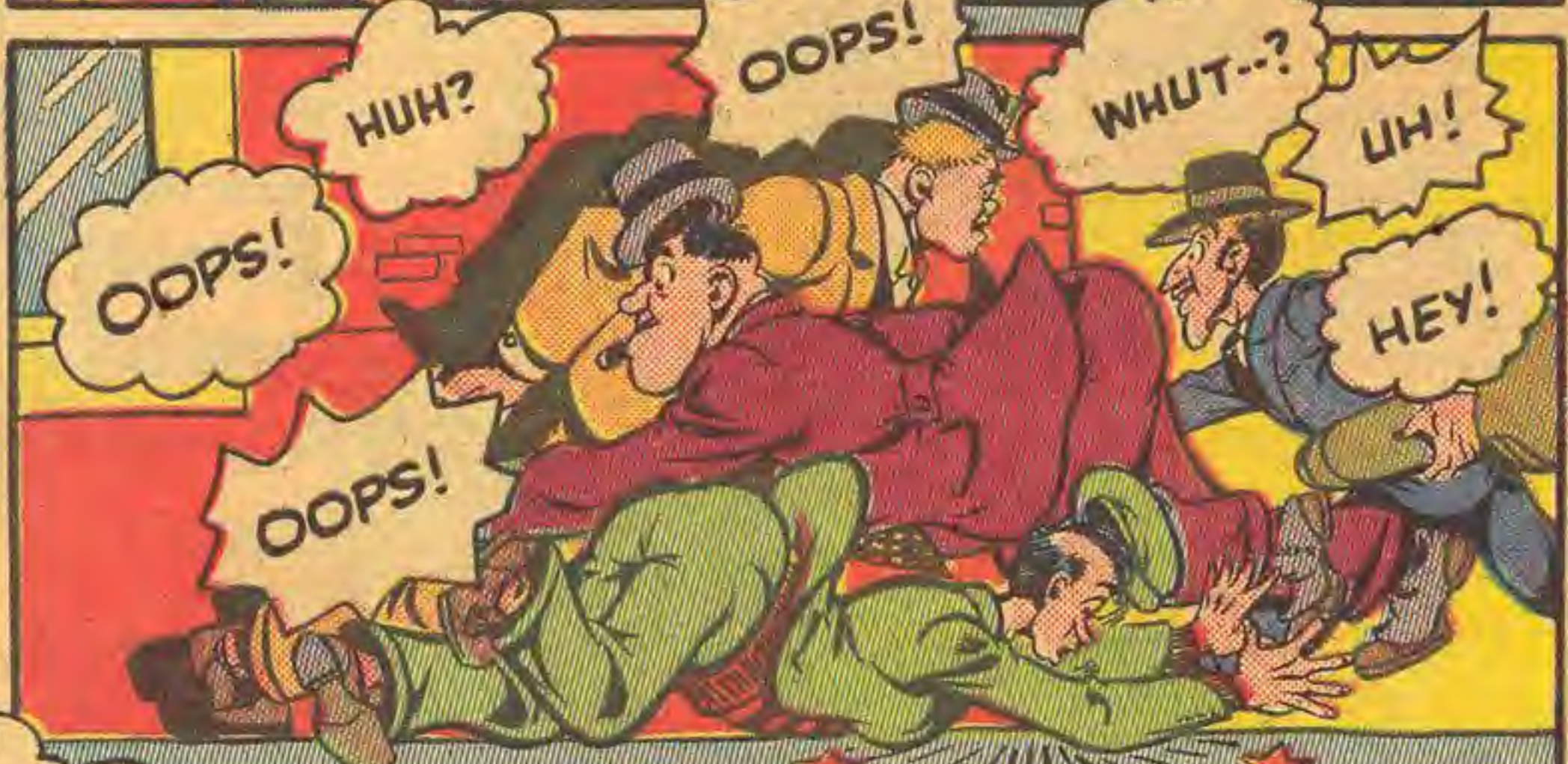
WHILE, TOWARD THE SAME CORNER --ALONG FIRST-- COME HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN AND HIS BODYGUARD

AH, BLUBBER... WHAT A GRAND DAY! I AIN'T MAD AT ANYBODY IN DA WOILD T'DAY... EXCEPT, O'COURSE, HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN!

O' COURSE, BOSS!... DAT HEEL---

WOTTA DAY, BUMPS! LET'S NOT KNOCK OFF ANYBODY T'DAY-- EXCEPTIN' DAT SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ!

HIM I'D LIKE TO KNOCK OFF, EVEN ON CHRISTMAS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE NEARBY RADIO STATION WHERE ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK IS AT WORK...

DAVE!!
SMEAR-FACE
SCHMALZ AND
HAMMER-HEAD
HORGAN AND THEIR
BODYGUARDS ARE
SHOOTIN' IT OUT,
DOWN ON THE
CORNER!...

WOW!

SO FAR
NOBODY'S
WON ANY
CIGARS--
BUT----

THIS IS A JOB FOR
MIDNIGHT! THOSE
TWO YEGGS HAVE
BEEN FEUDING FOR
MONTHS, NOW----

WHY DONTCHA
LET 'EM FINISH EACH
OTHER OFF? WHO'D
MISS 'EM?...

PUNT
FORMATION!

I'M IN
THE
TAIL-BACK
POSITION!

DON'T BE
AFRAID! WHEN
THEY SEE US,
THEY'LL START
SHOOTING AT US,
AND THEY NEVER
HIT WHAT THEY
SHOOT AT!--

BECAUSE
THEY NEVER HIT
EACH OTHER!--
ONLY INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS!
LET'S CLEAN
HOUSE,
GANG!

ER--ER---
YOU GO FIRST,
MIDNIGHT!--
I'LL BE
BEHIND
YOU!

CONTACT!

EEEEEEOWW!

"SMEAR-FACE!"... YOUR
NAME SOUNDS LIKE
AN INVITATION
TO ME!



I'M SCRAMMIN'!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH O' DIS!



A POIFECT HIDEOUT!

NOBODY'D EVER T'INK O' LOOKIN' IN HERE!



ULP! SMEAR-FACE!

GULP! HAMMER-HEAD!



DIS TIME, I'M GONNA FINISH YOU AN' TAKE OVER TH' WHOLE CITY!

DA WHOLE CEMETERY IS WHAT YOU'LL GET, WHEN --- HEY!... WAIT!



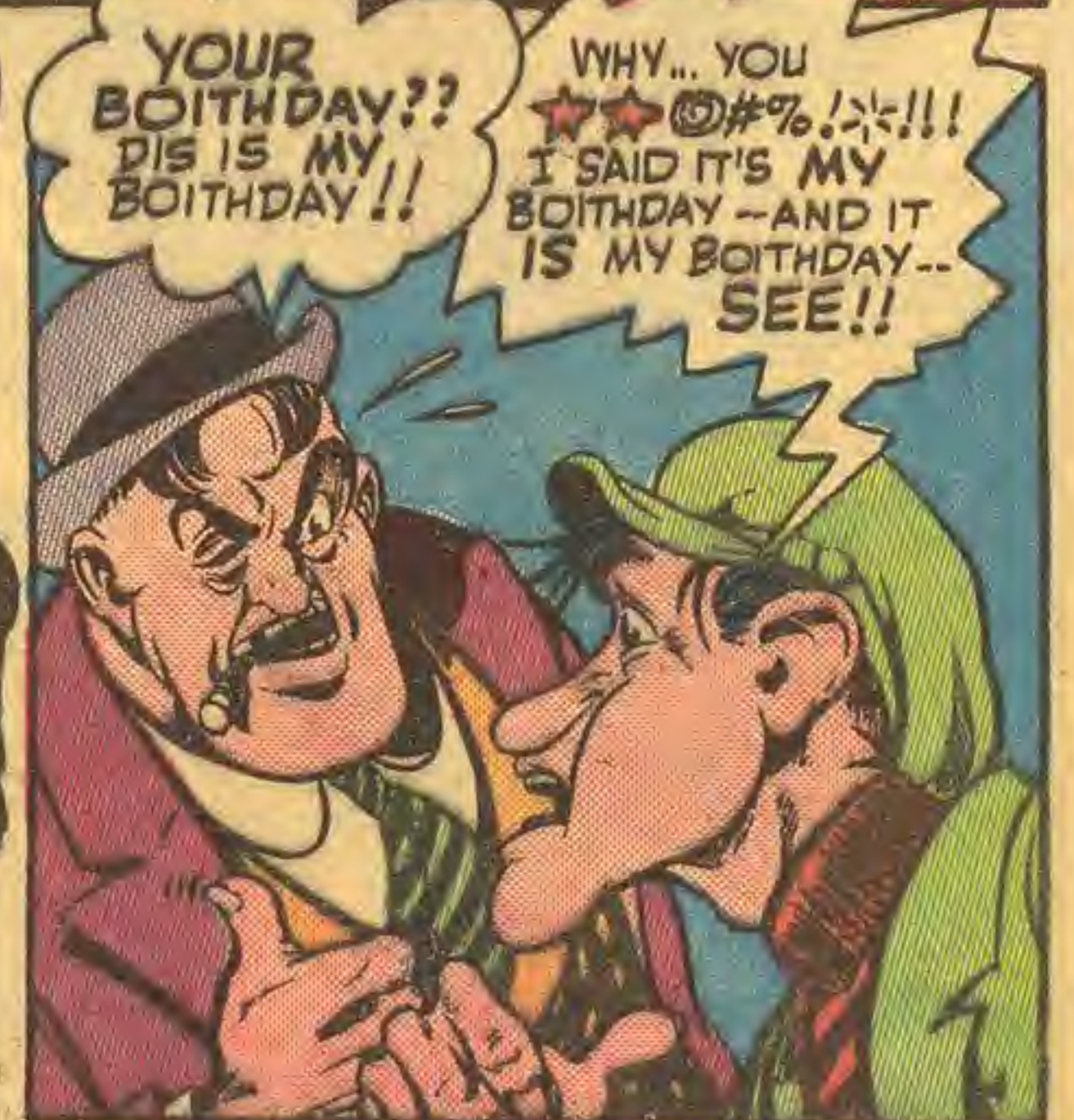
IF WE START SHOOTIN', MIDNIGHT'LL HEAR US!

DAT'S RIGHT! MEBBE WE COULD DECLARE AN ARMISTISS-- SORTA...!



WOTTA TOUGH BREAK! -- AN' ON MY BOITHDAY, TOO!

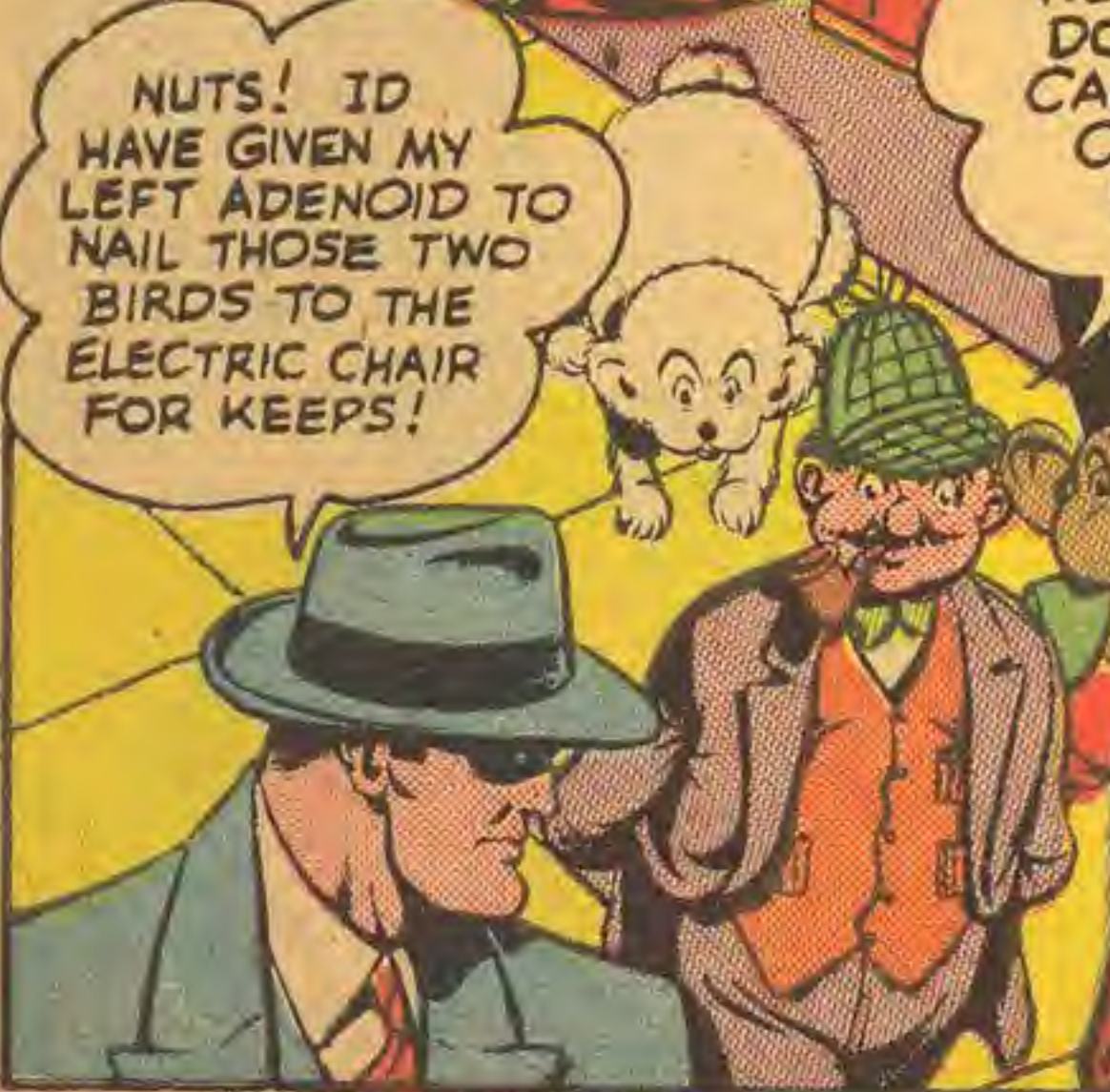
YEAH!... JEST WHEN I WAS GONNA CELEBRATE BY MOPPIN' UP WIT' YOU --- HUH?? ---



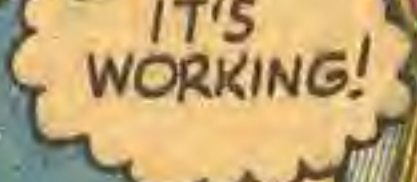
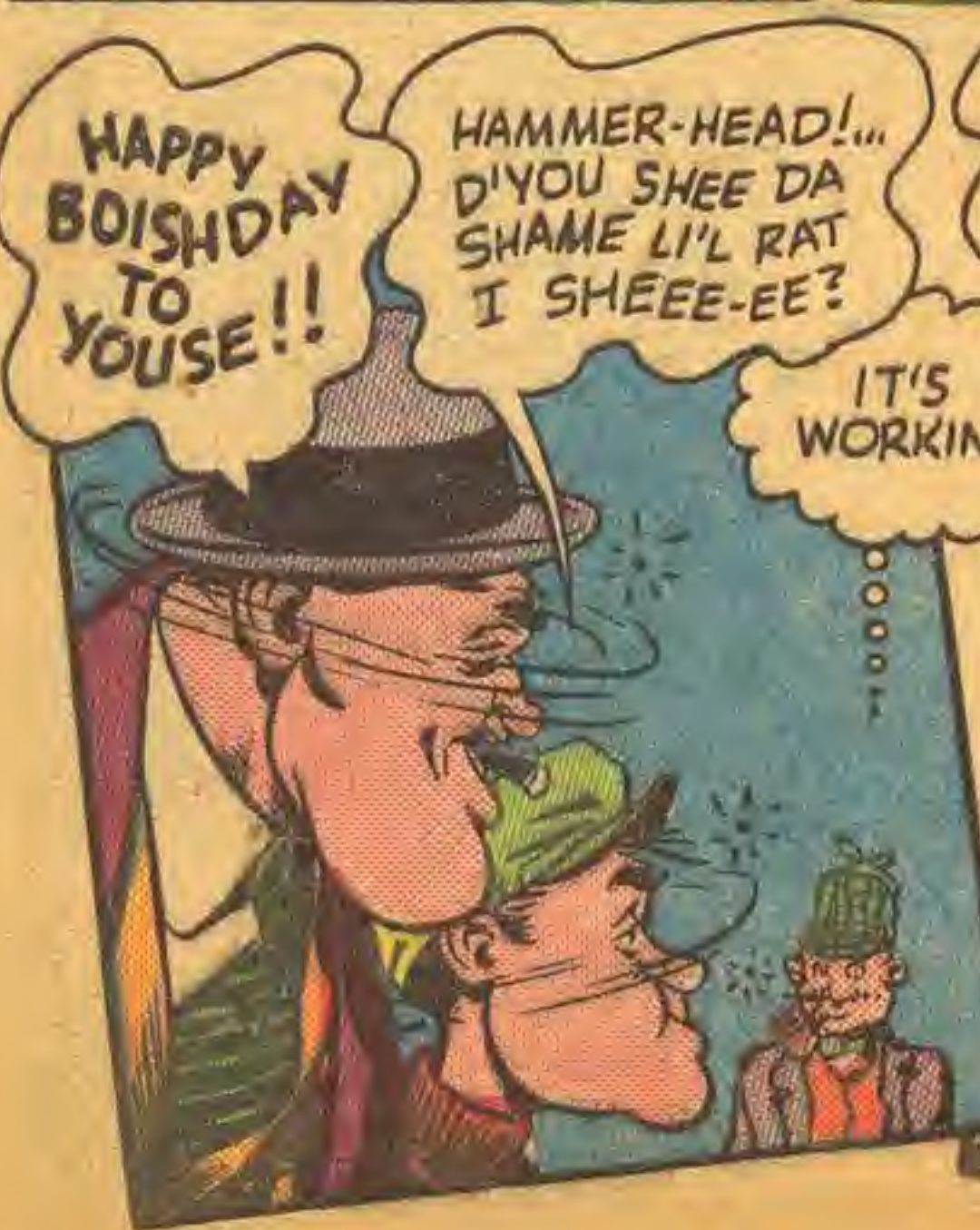
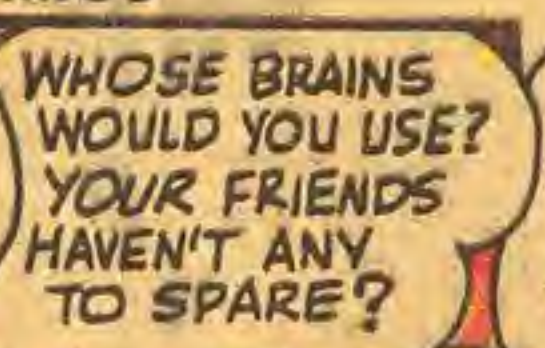
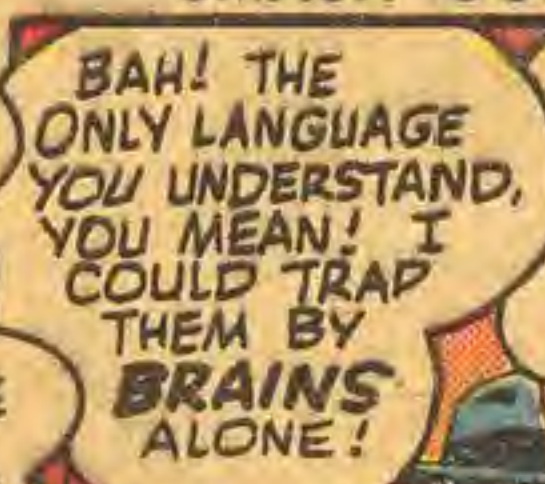
YOUR BOITHDAY?? DIS IS MY BOITHDAY!!

WHY... YOU ★★@#%!!-!!! I SAID IT'S MY BOITHDAY --AND IT IS MY BOITHDAY-- SEE!!

SMASH COMICS



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BUT HE HAD
A LI'L BEAR
JUSHT LIKE
HIM!

OH, YES...
HEH-HEH! WE'RE
TWIN'S -- AN' SO
ARE OUR BEARS!
ISN'T THAT QUAIN'T?
BUT HOTFOOT AND
I ARE CROOKS --
DEFINITELY!



DID I HEAR
SOMETHING ABOUT
BIRTHDAYS?...
LET ME
CONGRATULATE
YOU --- THE
TWO CRIME
KINGS!

TWO??
I'M DA--
HIC--
MASHTER
MIND--
SHEEE!

WHEN MY
BOISHDAY'S
OVER--I'LL
FIN--FIN--
FIXSH
YUH!

YEAHHH?
I'LL--

BOYS!
BOYS!!

IZH
ZHAT
SO-O?



WHY ARGUE AND
FIGHT? WHY NOT
SETTLE THE QUESTION
OF WHO'S SMARTER
--BY A
CONTEST?

HIC--
WHA-KIND
UVVA
CONTESHT?

SIMPLE! THE ONE
WHO ELIMINATES
MIDNIGHT SINGLE-
HANDED IS THE
WINNER! THEN
YOU CAN
BOTH
PROFIT!

SHAY!
THAT'SH
A SWELL
CONTESHT!
LET'SH
DO IT!



AFFER I ELI-ELINIM...
AFFER I KNOCK OFF
MIDNIGHT,
I'LL GET
RID OF
YOU!!

YEAH?
I'LL
FIXSH
YOU!

WAIT,
BOYS!
NOT
THAT
WAY!



I HAVE A
BETTER WAY TO
ELIMINATE THE
LOSER! ... IT'S
SIMPLE AND SAFE!
HERE... EACH OF
YOU WRITE A
LIST OF THE
CRIMES YOU'VE
COMMITTED---

OH, NO-O-O!
HE'SH
TRYIN'
TO TRICK
USH!

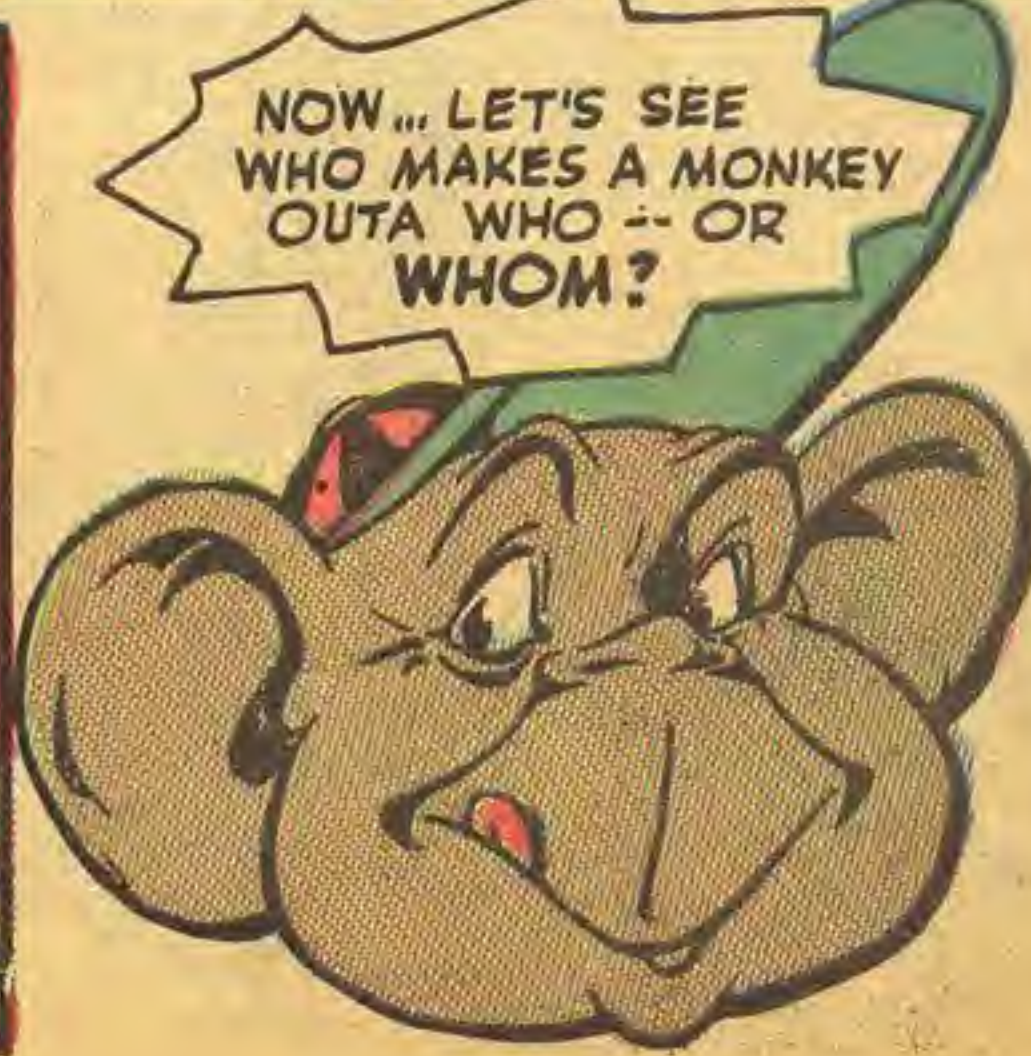
HOW UNKIND OF
YOU! MY IDEA IS
THAT YOU EXCHANGE
CONFESSIONS BEFORE
YOU SIGN THEM ---
THEN I'LL KEEP
THEM FOR THE
WINNER!

YUH MEAN I
CONFESH HISH
CRIMES AN'
HE CONFESHESH
MINE? SHAY--
THAT'SH
GOOD!

OF COURSE!
THE ONE WHO
KILLS MIDNIGHT
GETS BOTH
CONFESSIONS!
HE TEARS UP HIS
OWN --AND GIVES
THE OTHER TO
THE POLICE!

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SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I THINK WE'LL TAKE A WALK! ... HOTFOOT! QUIT GRABBING AT MY LEG!

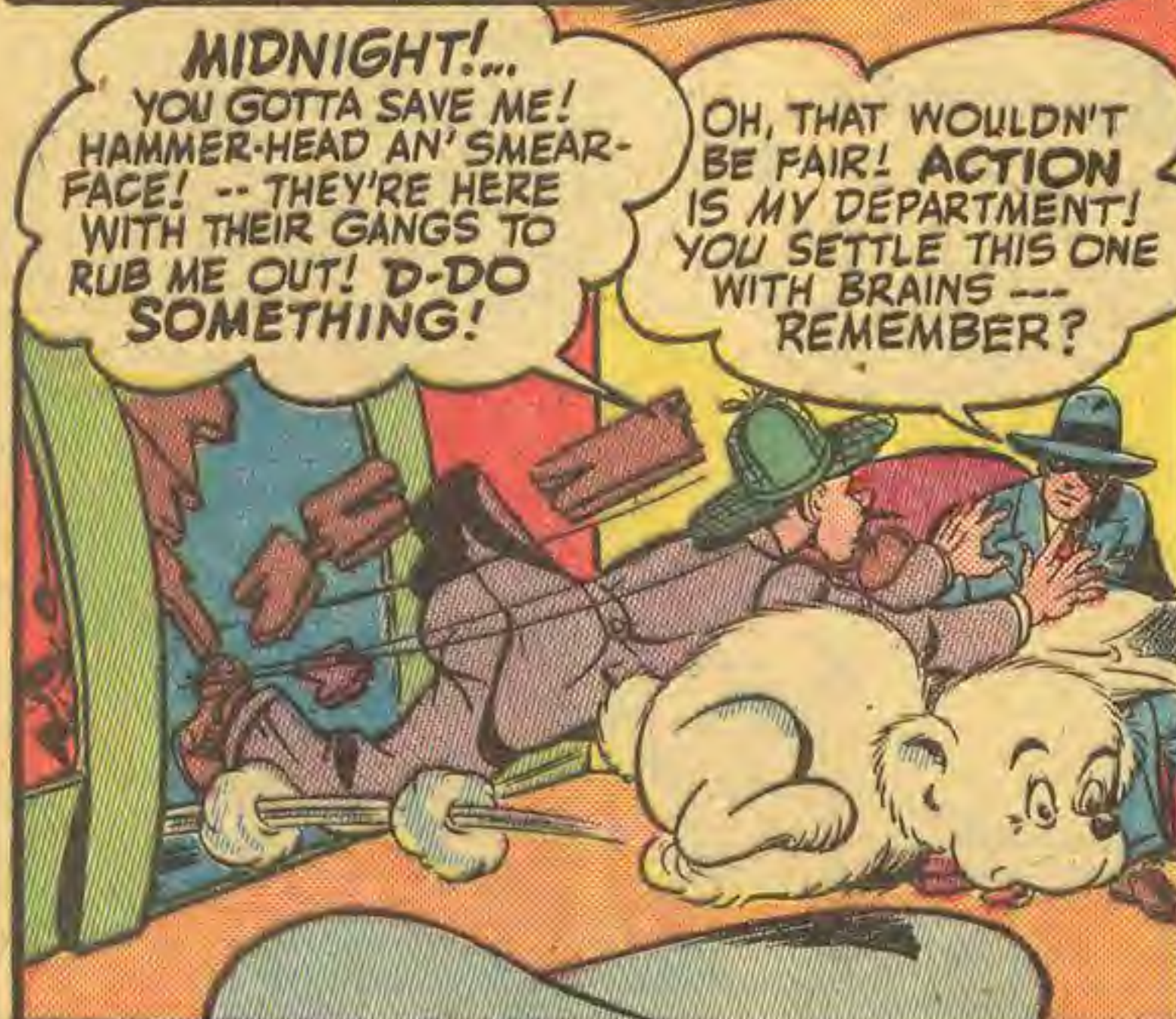


EEOW!

DAT'S DA EGG! ... GET HIM!!



HALLIP!



MIDNIGHT! ... YOU GOTTA SAVE ME! HAMMER-HEAD AN' SMEAR-FACE! -- THEY'RE HERE WITH THEIR GANGS TO RUB ME OUT! D-DO SOMETHING!

OH, THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR! ACTION IS MY DEPARTMENT! YOU SETTLE THIS ONE WITH BRAINS --- REMEMBER?

B-BUT MIDNIGHT... I'M SHOT!! TH-THEY HIT ME!

SHOT? ... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?



YII-I-I-I-I-KE! MIDNIGHT!

THIS TIME, I'VE GOT YOU GUYS RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU!

EEEEOW! GET DIS ANIMAL OFFA ME!

WHO'S AN ANIMAL, YOU SNAKE-EYED SKUNK?

THIS IS THE BREAK OF A LIFETIME! SOMEBODY CALL A DOCTOR! QUICK!

I CALLED ONE! ... MIDNIGHT, THE WAY YOU SPRANG TO MY DEFENSE MAKES ME ALMOST SORRY I BEAT YOU IN OUR CONTEST!



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BEAT ME? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ... I NAILED THESE TWO ... WITH ACTION!

BUT TOO LATE, SON! READ THESE AND WEEP!



WO-HO-HO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE CATCH IS -- BUT THIS IS A SCREAM!

WHA-A-AT? GIMME THOSE CONFESSIONS!



THEY'RE -- BLANKS ??



I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED! ... IT'S A DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSS! I'LL ... OWW! OWITCH!

HA-HA-HO-HO! RELAX, YOU GHOST DETECTIVE! THE DOCTOR'S HERE NOW!

WHAT A DETECTIVE! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT AN UNCORROBORATED CONFESSION WITHOUT WITNESSES ISN'T WORTH A CENT IN COURT?

YEAH! OWITCH! I DON'T-- OW-- SEE THAT YOU-- OOOHH! --GOT ANY-- OUCH!.. EVIDENCE!

NO? THESE SLUGS FROM THEIR GUNS, TAKEN OUT OF YOUR --ER-- BODY, ARE EVIDENCE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! THEY'LL GET PLENTY FOR THIS!

YOU DIRTY CROOK! YOU LET ME GO AHEAD AND COLLECT THE EVIDENCE FOR YOU!



I KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY, SO I INVESTED IN A WAR BOND FOR EACH OF YOU AND SPENT THE CHANGE ON A CELEBRATION DINNER FOR TONIGHT!

NOW THERE'S THE IDEAL COMBINATION OF CLEVERNESS AND ACTION!

I AGREE!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THIS CONTEST IS A DRAW! ... WE PROVED THAT CRIME DETECTION TAKES BOTH BRAINS AND FISTS TO BE SUCCESSFUL!

I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

SORRY, BOYS!



Rookie RANKIN

THAT'S HIM, BOSS!
THAT'S ROOKIE
RANKIN -- AND
HE'S PLENTY
TOUGH!

OH, YEAH? GIVE ME
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
AND I'LL HAVE RANKIN
EITHER IN JAIL,
HIMSELF, OR
WORKING
FOR ME!

...**A**ND IT WAS NO IDLE
BOAST!...

BIG SHOTT, CRIME KING
DE LUXE, HAD AN ALMOST
FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM FOR
MAKING HONEST POLICE
HIS SLAVES!...

THERE WAS ONE LOOP-
HOLE IN BIG'S SCHEME,
BUT HE DIDN'T DISCOVER
WHAT IT WAS UNTIL TOO
LATE -- **MUCH** TOO LATE
TO DO ANYTHING
ABOUT IT!





SMASH COMICS



NO SIGNS
OF RANKIN
YET!

I TOLD YOU--
VELVET AND AL
WILL KEEP HIM
HUNTING FOR 'EM!
PLENTY LONG!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT,
ACROSS THE STREET...

MARTHY!
CALL THE POLICE!
QUICK! ROBBERS
JUST LEAVIN' TH'
GEM JEWELRY
SHOP!

GET AWAY
FROM THAT
WINDOW, SAM!
YOU WANT 'EM
TO SHOOT YOU?
OPERATOR--
OPERATOR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I DON'T SEE
HOW THEY COULD
HAVE VANISHED SO
QUICKLY! I'VE
SEARCHED THE
WHOLE BUILDING!



I'LL SEND
OUT A GENERAL
ALARM AND--
GULP!
...CHIEF!

I HOPE YOU HAVE
A SATISFACTORY
EXPLANATION OF
YOUR ABSENCE,
RANKIN!



A--A--
ROBBERY!!

AMAZING
DEDUCTION!
A ROBBERY IN
A STORE YOU
WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE PROTECTING!
WHERE WERE YOU?



EVEN TO HIS OWN EARS,
ROOKIE'S EXPLANATION
SOUNDS WEAK!

AND I
HUNTED THROUGH
THE WHOLE BUILDING
WITHOUT FINDING
THEM! IT'S
STRANGE!

VERY
STRANGE!
NOBODY ELSE
REPORTED
ANY
KIDNAPPINGS!



SO STRANGE THAT
IF IT WERE ANYONE
ELSE--I'D SUSPECT
YOU'D BEEN BRIBED
TO BE GONE FROM
YOUR BEAT AT
THIS TIME!

BRIBED?
YOU THINK
I TOOK
DIRTY
MONEY
FROM
CROOKS?



I DON'T
THINK! YOU
MAY CONSIDER
YOURSELF SUSPENDED
FOR TEN DAYS WHILE
WE INVESTIGATE!
DISMISSED, RANKIN!

...B-BUT
CHIEF--
I--ER...



I'VE BEEN FRAMED!
IT WAS ALL A
DIRTY
FRAME-UP!

SMASH COMICS



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QUITE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE! WHAT'S THE GAG? ... THAT GIRL ---

NO GAG, RANKIN! I'M BIG SHOTT! ... MEET VELVET--AL--BREEZY!



YES, SONNY-BOY! HELP! MURDER! POLICE! ... HA-HA!

THAT VOICE! I KNOW YOU, NOW! YOU WERE THE GIRL, LAST NIGHT ---

HOLD IT, SUCKER!



SO... I WALKED INTO IT, AGAIN!

SIT DOWN, SAP! YEAH... YOU SURE FELL FOR IT!



OKAY, I WAS A SAP! BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU AND I'M TAKING YOU IN AS WITNESSES...

YOU AIN'T TAKING NOBODY IN, IDIOT! JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH BREEZY TOOK! THIS MORNING!



ANOTHER FRAME-UP! THAT WAS REAL MONEY YOU ASKED ME TO EXAMINE!

SURE! BUT WHO'D BELIEVE IT? ANYBODY'D SAY IT WAS A PHOTO OF A CROOKED COP TAKING HIS CUT OF A NICE HAUL!



IF YOUR CHIEF SEES THAT, YOU'LL BE SENT UP FOR TEN YEARS! AN' NOTHIN' YOU SAY CAN HELP YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AFTER LAST NIGHT, NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE MY STORY! ... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' SMART, RANKIN! SIT DOWN AN' I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL!

I'VE GOT TO PLAY ALONG! ... MAKE HIM THINK I'M LICKED.



WE'LL DIG UP A WITNESS AND SQUARE LAST NIGHT! ALL YOU DO IS PLAY ALONG, HELP US SWING SOME GOOD JOBS ON YOUR BEAT!

B-BUT I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER BEEN CROOKED! I CAN'T LET YOU ROB PEOPLE I'M PAID TO PROTECT!



DON'T WORRY, RANKIN! WALK AROUND -- THINK IT OVER! YOU GOT TILL TONIGHT TO DECIDE! BUT IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FUNNY ---

I KNOW--- YOU'LL TURN THAT PHOTO OVER TO THE CHIEF! ALL RIGHT, SHOTT-- I'LL LET YOU KNOW!



WHAT A JAM! IF I MAKE A SINGLE WRONG MOVE, THEY'LL SEND THAT PHOTO TO THE CHIEF -- AND I'LL GO TO PRISON SURE! I'M LICKED!



WAIT! EITHER WAY, I'M SUNK! MY CAREER AS A COP IS OVER, ANYHOW! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO LOSE -- I'M ALREADY LOST! AND I DON'T HAVE TO STICK TO RULES, BECAUSE I'M NOT A COP! I'LL FIX THEIR GAME!...



JUST A MINUTE, RANKIN! YOU CAN'T GO UP UNTIL I ANNOUNCE YOU!

OH, YEAH?



I'M GOING UP -- UNANNOUNCED! AND DON'T ASK FOR MY WARRANT! I'M NOT A COP NOW, SO I DON'T NEED ONE!



SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!



JUST IN CASE YOU WAKE UP AND GET IDEAS.

R-R-RIP!



SMASH COMICS

Espionage

By
DON
RICO

STARRING
**Black
X**

TO THE HEART OF THE LAND RULED BY THE CRUEL OPPRESSORS, GOES THE MASTER SPY OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND UPSETS THE MOST HEARTLESS AND CUNNING OF THEIR PROJECTS!

*Another
Tale of
Fate-
Flouting
Secret
Service!*



In the heart of invaded China...

WHEN WE TOOK
YOUR TOWN, YOU
SET FIRE TO YOUR
LABORATORY, DR. YONG!
... WHY?

TO DEFEAT
YOU,
INVADER
DEVIL!

IN THE
LABORATORY WAS
A MODEL OF MY
SECRET WEAPON!
NOW YOU DON'T
HAVE IT!

BUT WE
HAVE YOU
AND WE'LL
TORTURE
THE SECRET
OUT OF YOU!

YOU'RE THE ONLY
MAN WHO CAN HANDLE
THIS ASSIGNMENT,
BLACK X!

At the same hour, in the headquarters
office of the Allies....



SMASH COMICS





TURN OUT THE GUARD!
DR. YONG IS
ESCAPING
UP THE
MOUNTAIN!
非虫非



HOSTS OF PURSUERS!
--AND I'M TOO OLD
FOR MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING!



THERE HE IS.
UP ABOVE!
CLOSE IN!
ON HIM!



NOW
FOR A LITTLE
HEALTHFUL
EXERCISE!



THEY'LL NEVER
SEE TOKYO
AGAIN!



HELP!
非豆非!!
COME
QUICKLY!
ALL OF
YOU!

NOW,
DR. YONG--
DO YOU
BELIEVE
WE'RE YOUR
FRIENDS?



I THINK
YOU SACRIFICED
THOSE DOGS TO
THROW ME OFF
GUARD!



BUT I'LL NEVER
TELL YOU OF
MY SECRET
WEAPON.





SMASH COMICS





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WA-ATCH'A STEP!



PARBLEU! IS IT A
COMMANDO RAID?



WHY, COUNT
DICHANGE!
HELLO.. HOW
ARE YOU?



OH, JOY.. **BRENDA
BANKS!** HOW DO
YOU DO? FINE I
AM MYSELF!
AND YOU?



EGAD! MY ARM
I CANNOT
GET DOWN!!



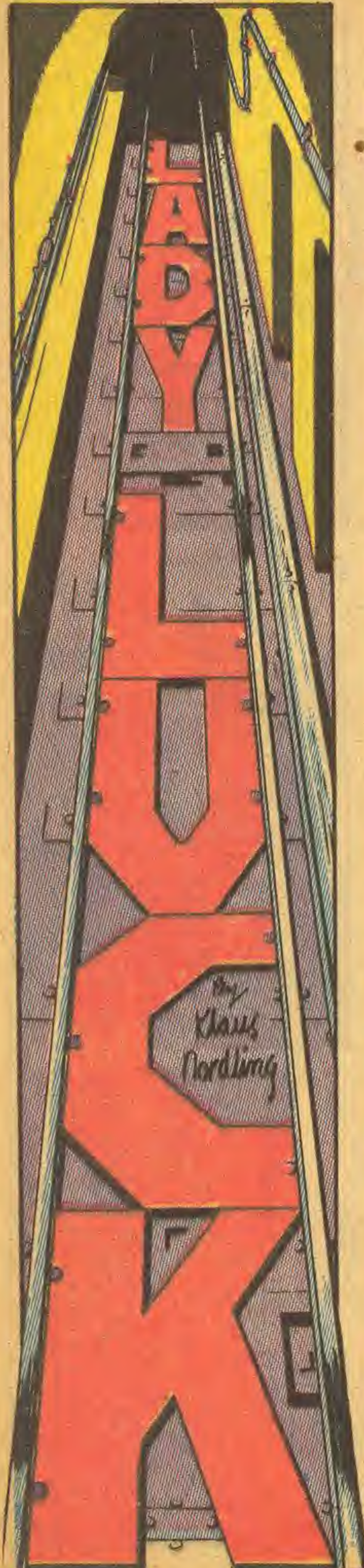
OH, TORTURE!
NUMB BECOMES
MY ARM! AND
NOW THE
TRAIN
STOPS!!

AND MID-
WAY
BETWEEN
STATIONS!
WONDER
WHAT'S
WRONG?



MERCY! TEN
MINUTES
HERE WE
STAND!
STIFFNESS
PLAGUES
ME!

THE
GUARD'S
OPENED THE
DOORS..THE
TRAIN MUST
BE STUCK
FOR GOOD!





STAY ON THE RAMP!... STATION'S HALF A MILE DOWN!...



NOW WHERE DID RAOUL GO? I THINK HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF LOST!



HULLO... LOOKIN' FOR YOUR FRIENDS?

FRIEND YOU MEAN, YES? SINGULAR!



OH, NO! THEY'RE ALL THERE... IN THE CONTROL HOUSE... YEP... KNOW MY WAY 'ROUND THESE HERE TUBES... BEEN LIVIN' DOWN HERE TWELVE YEAR...



AIN'T A BAD LIFE, EITHER JUS' TAKE IT EASY... NO WORRY 'BOUT WHETHER IT RAINS 'R SNOWS... FORAGE 'LONG THE TRACKS F' FOOD... AN' MAKE A EXTRY PENNY NOW 'N' THEN GUIDIN' LOST PARTIES...



IN HERE? THANK YOU!

NOT AT ALL! ANY TIME... ANY TIME...



HULLO! WATCH'A THIRD RAIL, MUM! LOOKIN' F' YOUR FRIEND?

ER... WHO ARE YOU?



ME? A GUIDE! DOIN' IT F' TWELVE YEAR... CAN GUIDE YOU FROM ONE DEPOT TO THE OTHER, I CAN... A TRAIN'S STALLED BACK THERE!



OH, THEY'RE ALL STALLED IN THIS SECTION, ALL A WAY DOWN A LINE! THEM FELLAS DONE IT IN THE CONTROL HOUSE... THEM ARE NAZIS!

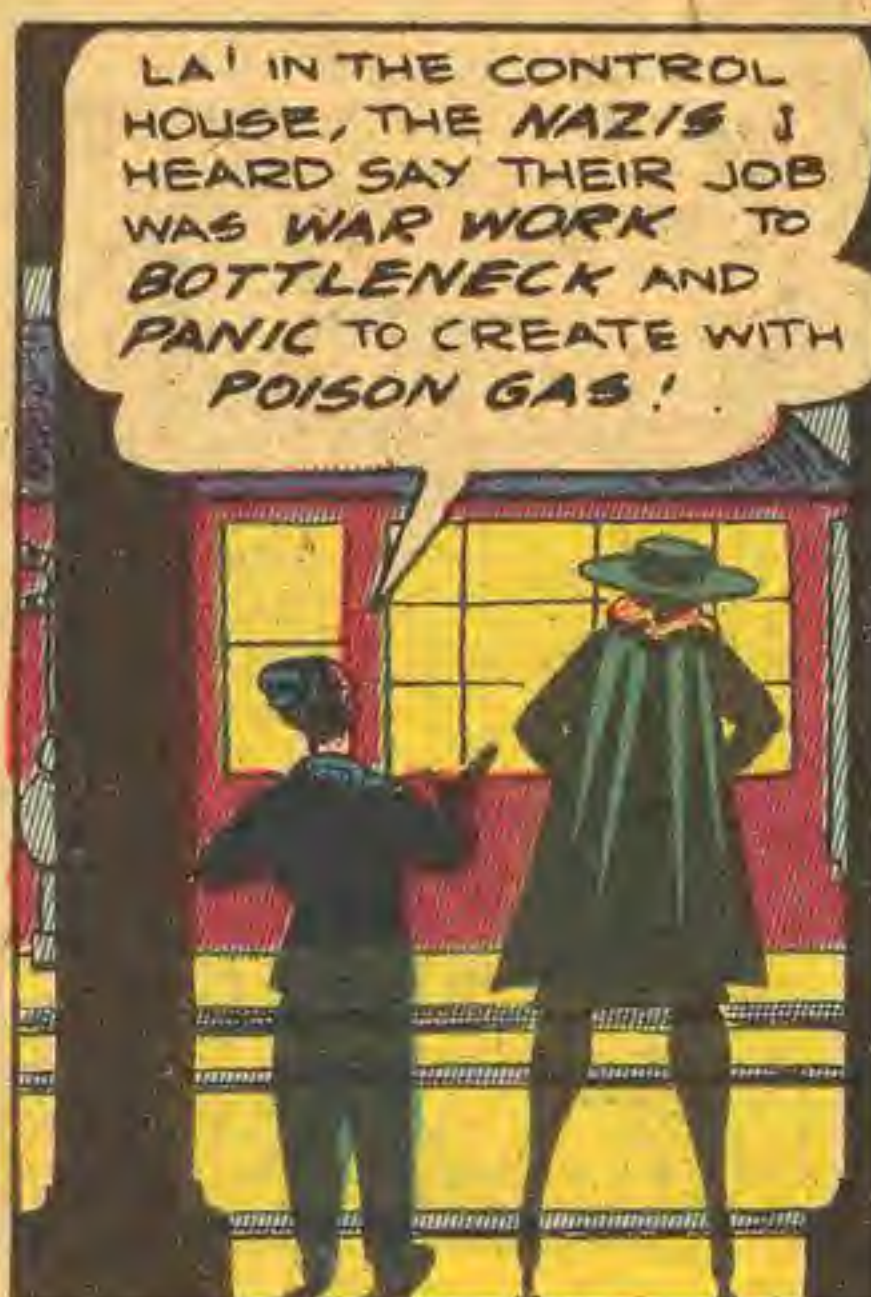


NAZIS? THAT MEANS I SHOULD GET BUSY!... PARDON ME, WHILE I MAKE A FEW MINOR CHANGES!

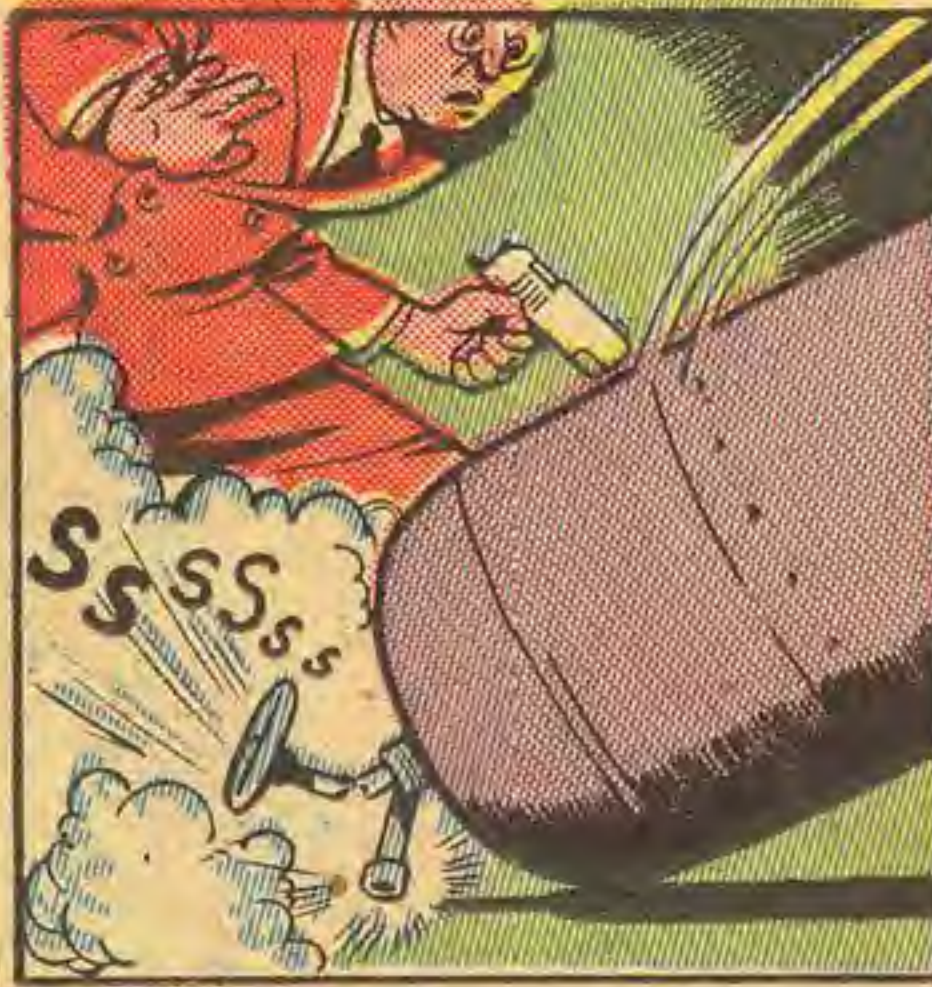


THERE HE IS NOW! HUH! 'PEARS LIKE HE WARY'T A FRIEND'A THEIRN!

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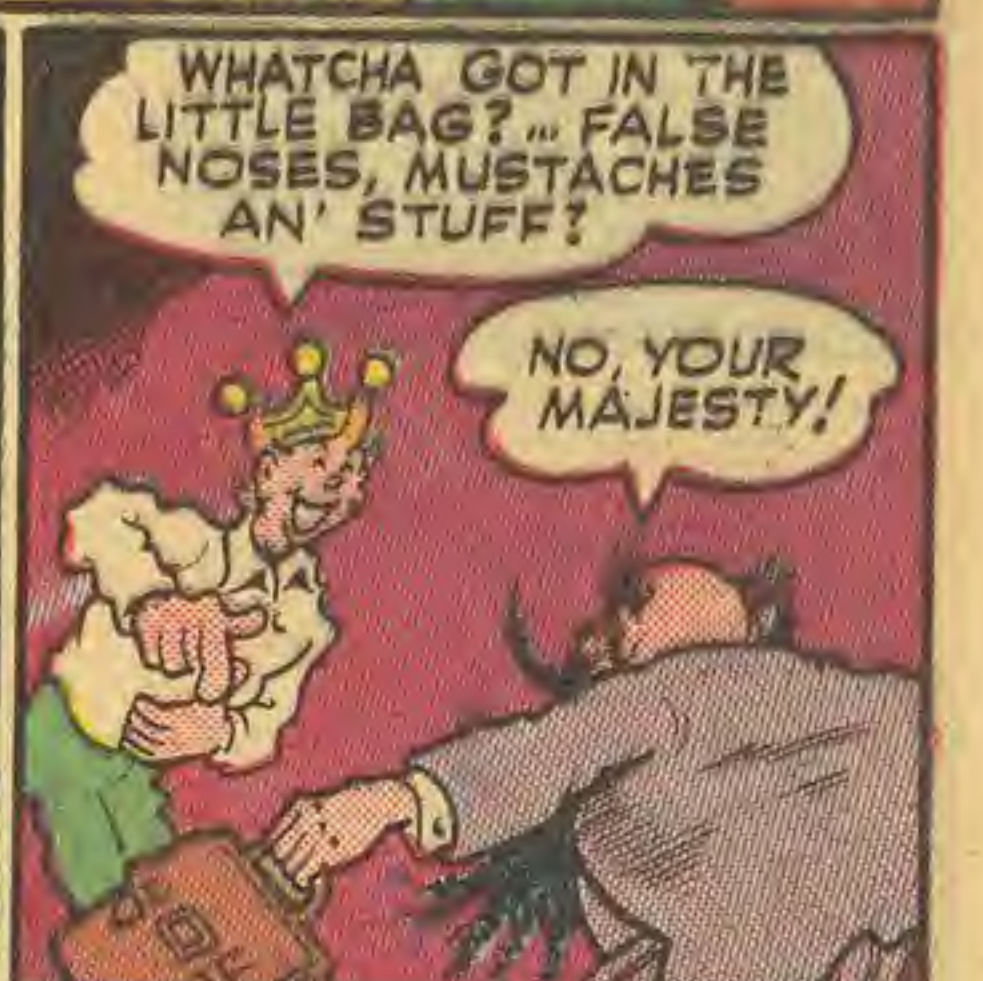


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AND THUS IT IS THAT THE SUBWAYS RESUME THEIR NORMAL BREAKNECK ACTIVITIES





SMASH COMICS

THE MARKSMAN



CAN ANY GOOD
COME OUT OF WAR AND
OPPRESSION? PERHAPS YES--
FOR OUT OF THE BRUTAL
RAVAGE OF POLAND CAME THE
FLIGHT OF MANY EXILES TO THE
NEW WORLD! AND AMONG THESE
EXILES WAS ONE BARON POVALSKI
WHO FOUND, IN THE TRACKLESS
JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA,
NEW FIELDS FOR HIS GRIM
TALENTS AS *The*
Marksman
-- DREAD DESTROYER
OF FREEDOM'S
ENEMIES!

A
Jurapu
Indian
Village,
deep
in the
jungles
of
Ecuador...



SUDDENLY!...

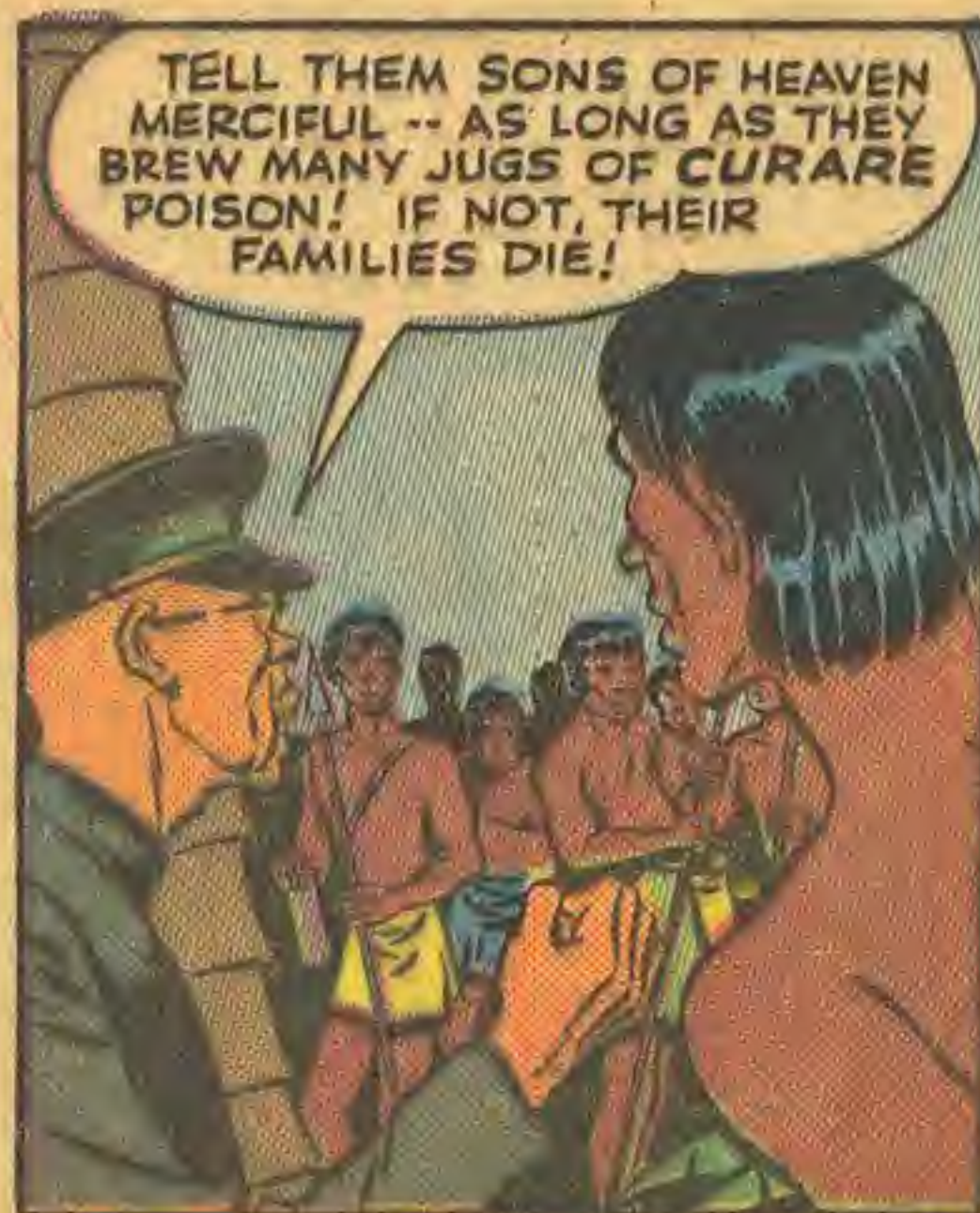


AIEE,
HONORABLE
MAJOR
INUKI!

THIS IS
QUITO--INDIAN
INTERPRETER,
MAJOR!

GOOD! THEY HIDE IN
THE JUNGLE, QUITO! CALL
TO THEM! TELL THEM
THAT UNLESS THEY
RETURN QUIETLY,
THEIR WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
WILL DIE!

ME
TELL!





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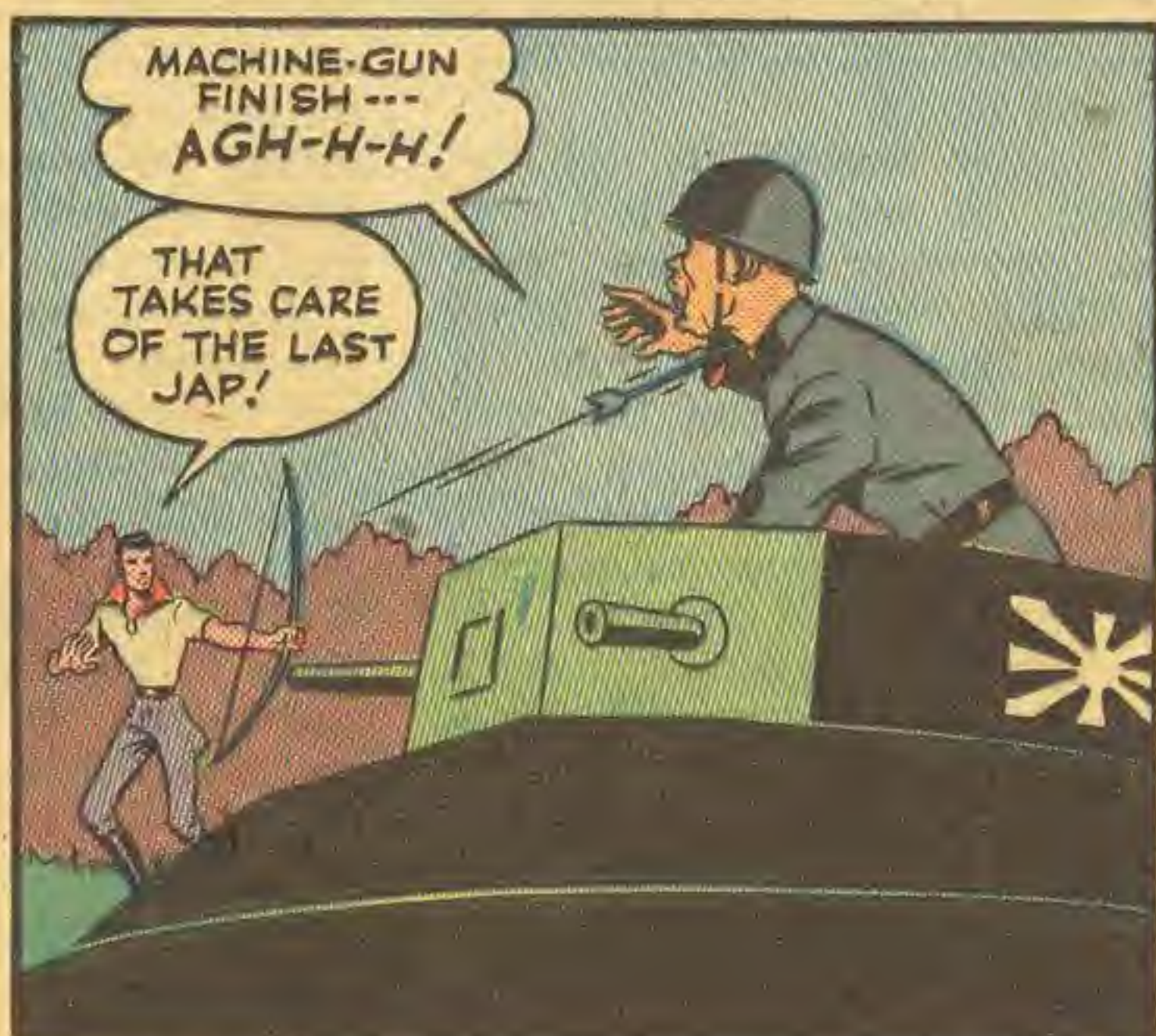
SMASH COMICS



BUT
SHEER
FORCE
OF
NUMBERS
OVER-
COMES
THE
GALLANT
FIGHTER
!







SWAMP REVENGE

THE marsh, stretching for unending miles to the horizon, threw up a thick pall of sickly mist that cut off a view of the lower tree branches. Shaggy cypress stood, their knees in the stagnant water, resembling dejected skeletons.

The sky was overcast, with a hint of rain. Birds had already found their perches. Their disquieting chatter broke through the drippy atmosphere in discordant noises. Fish leaped in the pools and an alligator belled far off.

Tasker trudged through the murk, his hat pulled low over his scowling face, his boots sucking whenever he pulled them from the heavy mud. He cast oblique glances this way and that as though he knew sinister eyes were peering at him hungrily. Once he stopped in an attitude of listening.

Eyes were peering at him. A slinking bobcat, perched on a low limb waiting for his dinner to come along, watched him warily, slaving jaws taut.

Tasker splashed through an unseen puddle and cursed when the water lapped over the tops of his boots. A stinging vine tendril slashed across his face and he fairly choked with rage.

"I'm ahead," he kept telling himself. "I must be miles ahead of 'em, the blasted fools! They will never catch me!"

Tasker had made good time. From the moment when he killed Jules Lateau till now only two days had passed—and he was fifty miles removed from the scene of the crime. He was fifty miles into the dark, unknown Everglades, where a clever man could evade pursuit forever.

Tasker believed himself clever. He was a rugged character. They didn't come tougher. He had had pretty much his own

way since he was a mere tyke. Then he had lived in Philadelphia's tenements. Thirty-odd years had passed since then. And Tasker had been a part of various shady groups. But Tasker had always been too clever for the dumb cops to catch, while many others he'd known languished behind bars.

He was too clever now to fall into a trap. Bloodhounds? He had heard them the first day, far off. But he had outsmarted them; was miles ahead of them now. It wasn't an easy matter for hounds to follow a fellow in this swamp; it was harder for law men. . . .

Jules Lateau was the best 'rat trapper in the 'Glades. Or, rather, he had been before Tasker brained him. He had felled the man while he was bent over a trap in the swamp. He had just sold his season's catch of muskrat pelts and he had a nice roll stuck away in his little cabin. Tasker had watched Jules a long time before deciding to kill him. A floor board ripped loose revealed where Jules had hidden his cash.

Jules' brother, Rene, also a good Cajun 'ratter, swore a terrible oath of vengeance on his brother's murderer. He swore it first in his church, then to himself, and later to Sheriff Bill Jeffers. It happened that Jimmy Christian, young American adventurer, was taking a vacation in the region, in fact, he was sitting in the sheriff's office, when Rene stormed in.

Jimmy was in Florida on a fishing trip and "other secret business for Uncle Sam," hoping to spend a quiet month.

"Without any murders or anything interrupting," he had told Sheriff Jeffers, grinning. "It seldom happens that way, however," he added. And then

when Rene had told his story, Jimmy laughed to himself.

"I knew it," he said, when Rene had gone. "Every place I go murders seem to happen immediately. Maybe I'm a jinx."

"You're going to be a good jinx this time, Jimmy," the sheriff assured him. "You've never been through the 'Glades. Now is your chance to have a look—and mebbe help trap a killer. How about it?"

"You're on, Sheriff!" cried Jimmy. "When do we start?"

The first day in the dark swamp was rather interesting, Jimmy thought. Although he didn't like the rain that soaked them twice in five hours. Walking was difficult, but you slogged on, dodging limbs and sidestepping vicious snakes. Mosquitoes buzzed everywhere.

The deputies with their bloodhounds had gone ahead a couple of hours before Jimmy and the sheriff had started out. The sheriff expressed his lack of faith in bloodhounds hunting in the Everglades.

"Isn't anything on four legs that can smell out a guy who knows how to cover his tracks in this country. Water just doesn't hold man smell. The gink we're tailin' knows enough not to rub against tree trunks, all right."

"Have any idea where he's heading?" asked Jimmy.

"Naw. Mostly they hide themselves in the swamp 'till things blow over a mite, then high-tail it out somewhere with a beard so's they can't be recognized. This yapper is from up north somewhere."

The second day began to pall on Jimmy. The sameness of the scenery, if it could be called that, was getting mighty monotonous. His face was swollen

SMASH COMICS

from numerous insect bites, and a thorn had ripped across his cheek, making a painful wound. He wished they would catch up with their murderer.

The third day came with a veritable storm. The wind screamed through the trees and they had to hang on to their trunks to keep from being blown into the mud.

Toward evening, the rain slackened and the wind fell. The fog began to dissipate, and Sheriff Jeffers suggested that they push on. They wanted to find a dry place to pitch camp, if such a place existed after the torrential downpour. They found a patch of soggy earth where the water had run off and set up their tent. The tiny spirit stove gave a puny warmth, not enough to make the tent comfortable, for it had grown cold after the rain. Tomorrow, Jimmy hoped, they'd round up the killer.

Tasker lurched along the sodden trail, muttering to himself. It seemed years since he had started out, and the dreadful swamp got worse as he penetrated westward. His face was swollen horribly from mosquito bites and one eye was completely closed. Several ugly gashes scarred his weatherbeaten cheeks. He had lost his hat and now his long black hair hung

down over his face, giving him the look of something that had come up out of the sea.

"I'm ahead," he muttered. "They can't trap Tasker. They can't. I'll show the fools."

The man staggered occasionally, catching at limbs of trees and brush. He was weak, faltering. He looked as if he was on his last legs; as indeed he was, only Tasker wouldn't admit it to himself. He must push on—on. He couldn't afford to be trapped now. He had more than two thousand dollars in his money belt. He intended having a great time with that wad of money. He would go to Mexico, or South America. They couldn't find him there.

Night drew its clammy ghosts over the 'Glades and Tasker bethought him of a place to sleep. He was weary, tired. He wanted a pot of hot coffee more than anything else. He found a fairly dry place and spread his blankets. Then fixed the tarp with the help of some boughs. He built a little fire and put on the coffee. The water was brackish, but Tasker didn't care. He drank it, and then lay down within his damp blankets.

Tasker woke up with a start. It was gray dawn. He started to scramble up, and then his one open eye fell on a horrible thing that lay coiled not two

feet from his face. A huge snake. A dangerous and deadly reptile of the 'Glades. Very carefully he slipped his hand under the covers, reaching for his revolver. The snake struck.

Jimmy and Sheriff Jeffers plodded on, beginning to wonder if they had lost their quarry. It seemed a long time since they had started on their man hunt. It looked like it would never end.

"Hey!" said the sheriff suddenly. "Listen."

At first Jimmy heard nothing. Then there came to his ears raucous cries as of birds fighting.

"Come on!" exclaimed Jeffers, and he set off at the double-quick. They had only gone a few hundred yards when they saw several immense birds whirling and wheeling low above the trees. As they drew near the fat buzzards, the latter settled on limbs nearby and regarded them.

Then they came into a little cleared space and found the remains of a man. He was badly eaten by the birds, but most of his clothes remained. In the money belt they found a pouch of bills which the sheriff recognized instantly.

"It's Jules Lateau," he said. "This is our man, Tasker—or what is left of him."

BE THE PAPER WEIGHT CHAMPION!

COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER

**YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS
IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!**

**YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP
MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS,
AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR
FIGHTING MEN!**

PAPER FIGHTS!

JOIN THE SCRAP!

WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

IN THE
CASE OF THE
TAINTED LIMBURGER!
by
RALPH
JOHNS



WHAT FAMOUS CRITICS HAVE SAID ABOUT THIS STIFFLING CASE:
PEPSI FIZZBREATH: "CONFIDENTIALLY, IT --!"
HOCKER SNODBEAK: "SHIFF'S ENOUGH!"
FUZZY BRISTLEBACK: "P.U.!"

OUR CASE OPENS... THEN
CLOSES VERY QUICKLY...

PHEW! WHOEVER
SENT THIS, EITHER
HATED ME OR
DIDN'T NOSE
WHAT HE SENT!



WUN CLOO!... THIS
IS POLICE CAPTAIN
O'NUTS!... WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?

HAVING
A **SMELL**
TIME... WISH
YOU WERE
HERE!



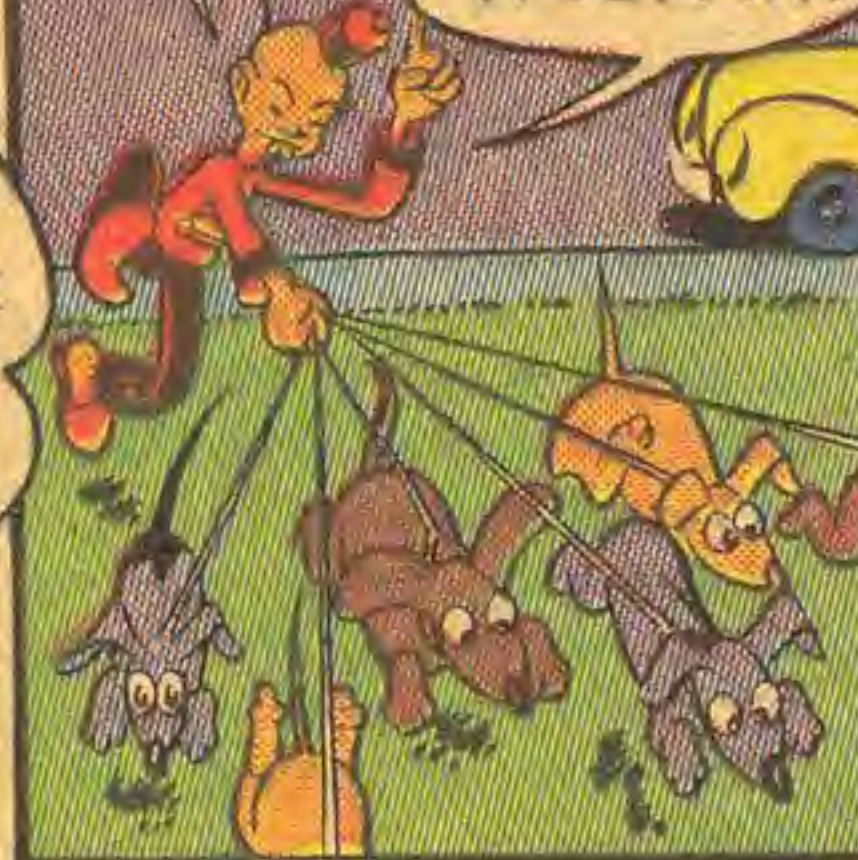
LISTEN, PAL: SOMEONE SENT
US SOME **POISON LIMBURGER!**
TWO SNIFFS AND THE BOYS
KICKED OFF!... IN FACT, **I'M
DYING, TOO!**... BE A GOOD
SCOUT AND HANDLE THE
CASE FOR ME!... I GOTTA
ATTEND A **FUNERAL**
TODAY!

CHEESE IT!
THE COPS, EH?
LUCKY, I ONLY TOOK
ONE WHIFF!
OKAY, O'NUTS!
PLEASANT
HEREAFTER!



ONE THING
ABOUT
LIMBURGER!
...IT'S EASY
TO TRACE!

REMEMBER,
BOYS... ONLY
ONE SNIFF
APIECE!...
TWO WILL
GET YOU
A **COFFIN!**



DO YOU KNOW
THAT **CHEEZE**
YOU SENT
KILLED THE
WHOLE
POLICE
FORCE!

IT DID?
OH...
GOODY!
THAT'S
ALL I
WANNA
KNOW!



YOU SEE, THEY TOLD
ME THE THINGS I
EAT WOULD KILL A
COW... SO I TRIED
IT OUT ON THE
BULLS TO SEE
IF IT WAS SAFE
FOR ME!



BUT
WHY WON'T
IT KILL
YOU?

BECAUSE
I'M NOT
A
BULL...



I'M A GOAT!!
BAAAAAAA...

THAT MAKES
TWO OF
US, BROTHER!

COME, IGGY!
I'VE GOT SOME
NICE JUICY
CANS FOR
YOU!

WITH
LABELS?

WITH
LABELS!



THE JESTER

IT'S TRUE, QUINOPOLIS!
MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL
EVIL -- AND MEN WHO ROOT
FOR IT ARE HOGS!

Must he
LAUGH
at
EVERYTHING?

WHEN OFFICER
CHUCK LANE BECOMES
THE JESTER,
HE SEES A JOKE IN
EVERY DANGER, EVERY
ENEMY, EVERY EVIL!

BUT WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT
BEING A MILLIONAIRE?

YEAH! WE'RE
HOLDING OLD MAN
VAN ASTOR FOR RANSOM!
DON'T TRY TO RESCUE
HIM -- OR WE'LL KILL
HIM **RIGHT**
NOW!

POLICE ARE POWERLESS - SAVE
FOR PATROLMAN CHUCK LANE!
ON ANOTHER ROOF, HE BECOMES
THE JESTER!

IF I WERE A
POET, I'D WRITE
A POEM ABOUT...

...THE **SPRING**!

SMASH COMICS



I SIMPLY
COULDN'T
STAY AWAY!

OKAY, VAN ASTOR!
YOU'LL DIE BEFORE
YOU'RE RESCUED!



WHICH IS HARDEST,
QUINOPOLIS? HIS
HEAD OR THOSE
BRICKS?

SAVED!!



AH, DETECTIVE
McGINTY!
EVERYTHING'S
UNDER
CONTROL!

AND IT'S
ALL DUE
TO THIS
AMAZING
YOUNG
MAN!



RIGHT HERE
AND NOW,
YOU'RE GOING
TO START
BEING MY
BODY-
GUARD!

BUT I'M
AFRAID THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I HAVE
OTHER
DUTIES!



TUT! TUT!
WHAT'S YOUR
SALARY?
I'LL DOUBLE
IT!

WHICH
MEANS
NOTHING!
--BECAUSE
I GET
NOTHING
FOR BEING
THE JESTER
--EXCEPT
THE FUN!



BODYGUARDING YOU
MIGHT NOT BE FUNNY!
THE WHOLE WORLD
NEEDS ME!...
GOODBYE, FOR NOW!



YOU
CAN'T HIRE
THE JESTER,
MR. VAN
ASTOR!

MAYBE I
CAN! ...
WAIT TILL
HE READS
TOMORROW'S
PERSONAL
ADS!



AND...

PERSONAL...

JESTER.. Please
come to the aid
of a helpless
victim of
Injustice!
Midnight...
Pier 88...

RALPH JOHNS...





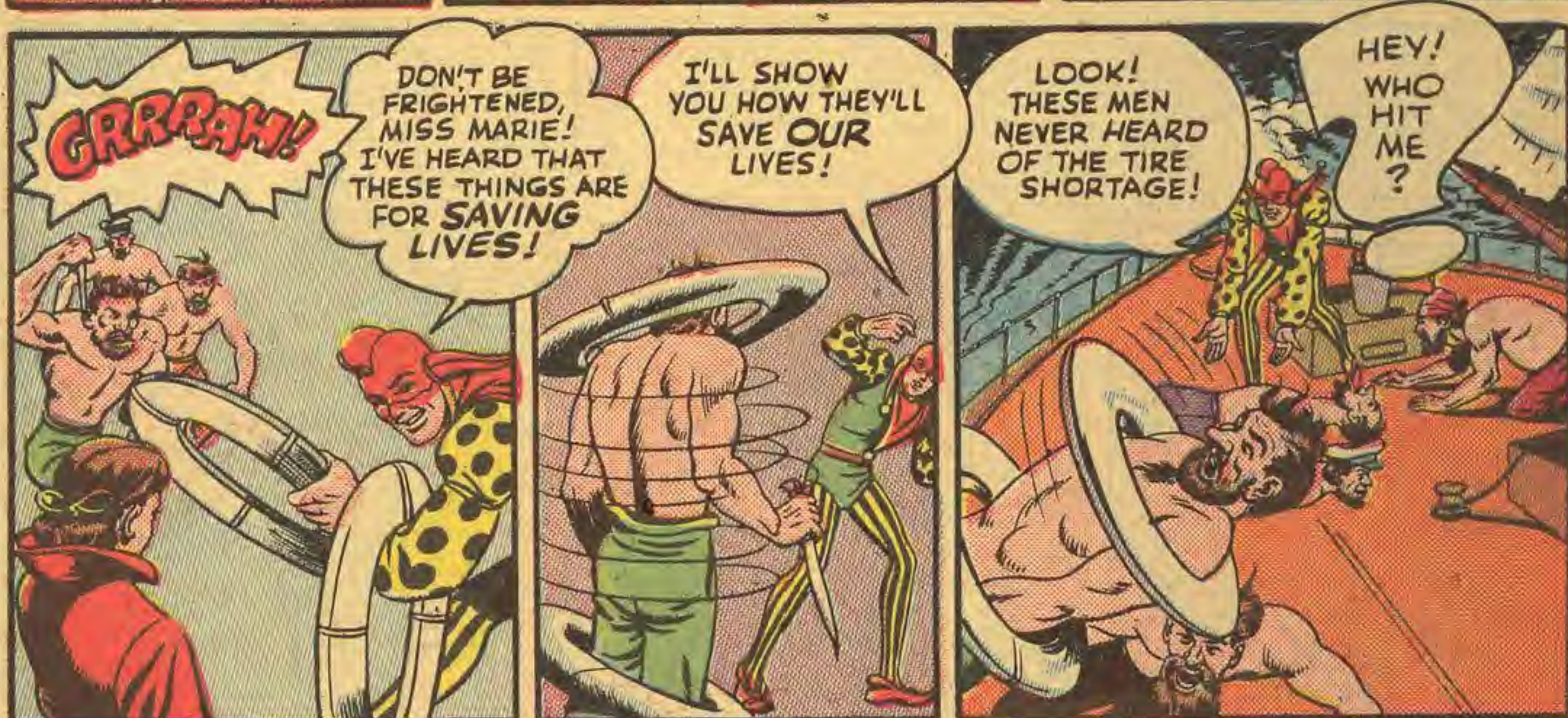
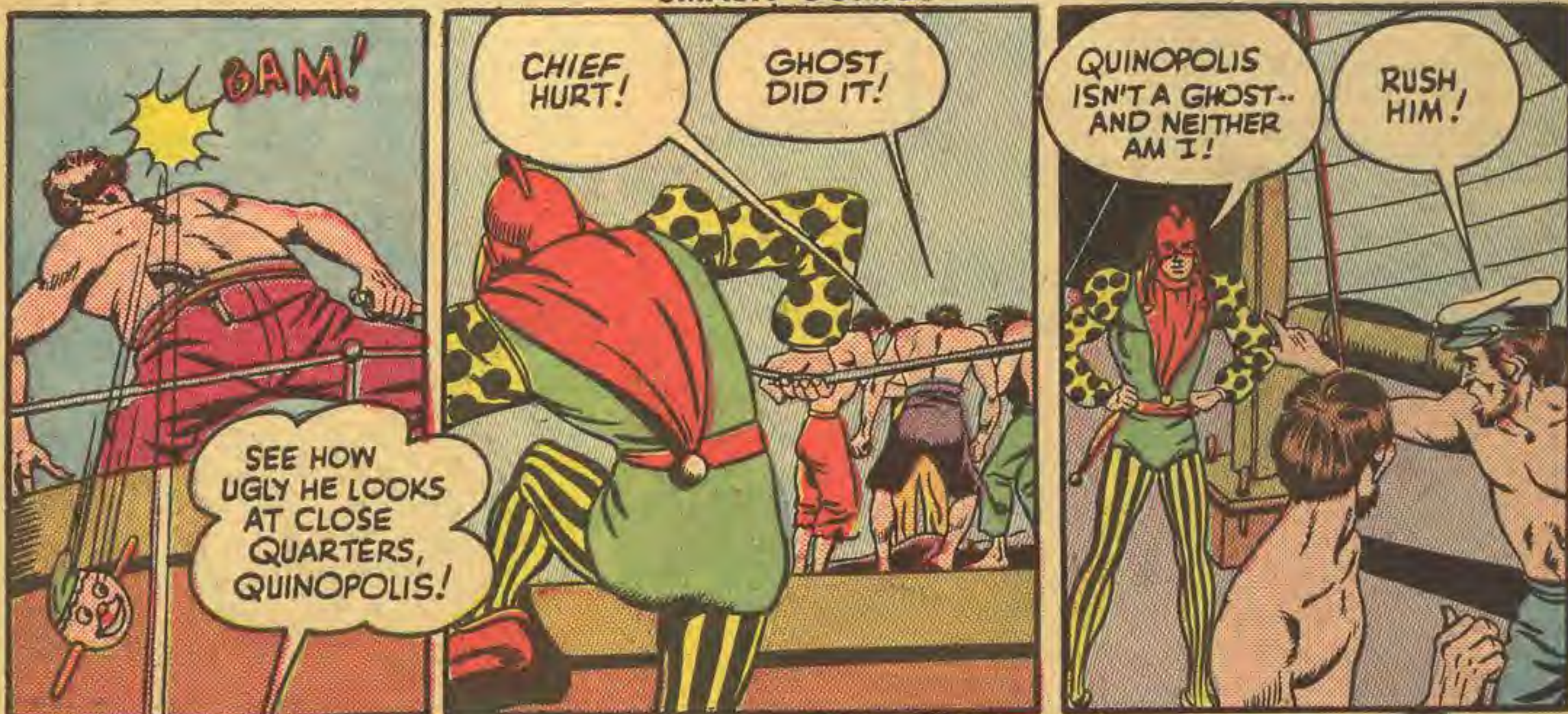
I'LL TELL CHIEF!



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



Daffy

DAFFY may be a little too husky for the average man's idea of Romance... but they say there's a man somewhere for every woman in the world! The man for Daffy seemed to be big **Louis Lafitte**, the giant lumberjack of the North Woods! At least that's what Louis thought... Daffy had other ideas, among them, the one that **Deke Parsons**, with all his faults, was all glamour!



WHERE DO WE GO NOW, DEKE? ISN'T THIS EXHIBITION TOUR EVER GOING TO END?

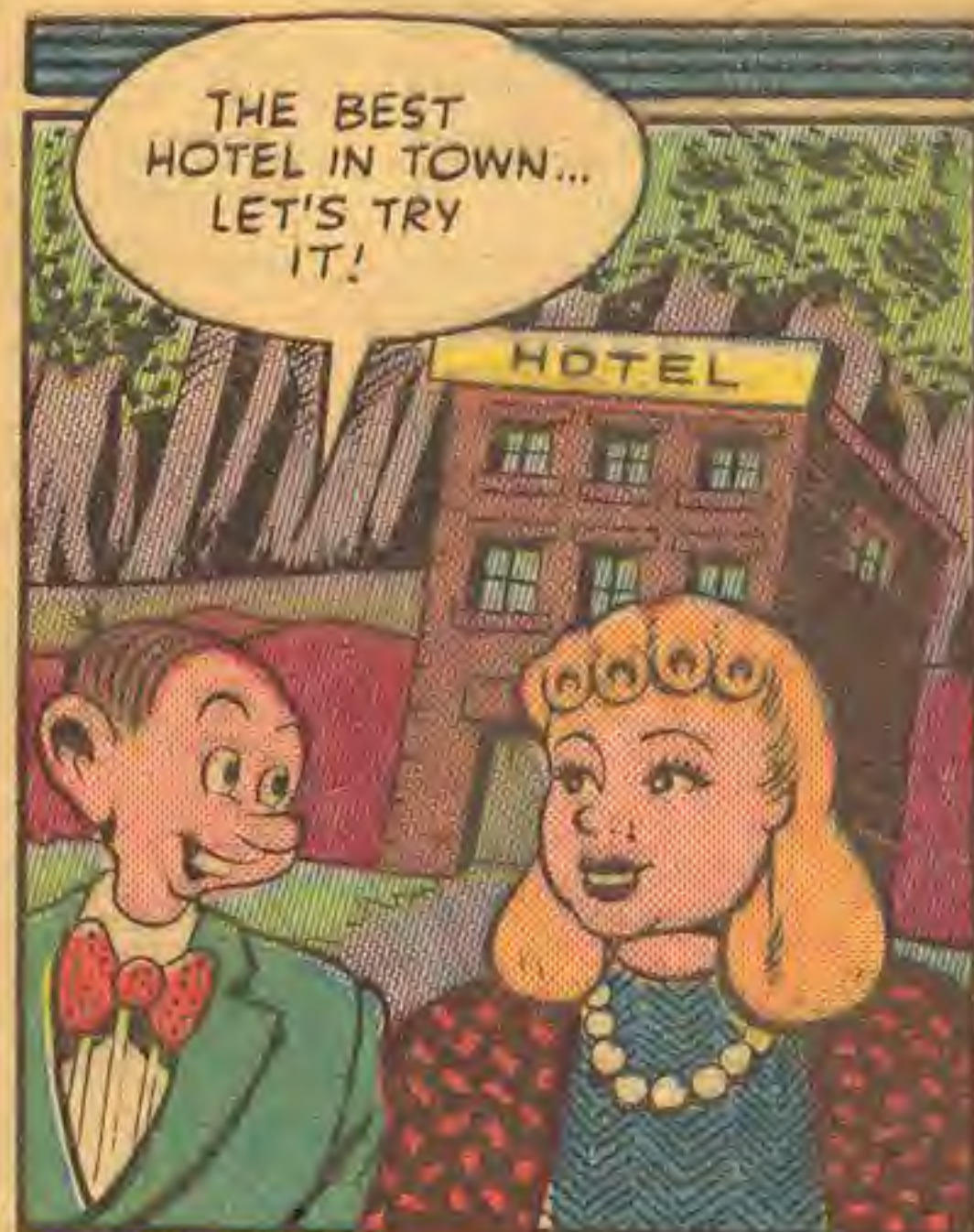
WHY SHOULD IT END? THE NAME OF **DAFFY, THE LADY WRESTLER**, IS FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE LAND! WE STILL HAVE OUR PILE TO MAKE... AND WE'RE HEADED FOR THE NORTH WOODS COUNTRY WHERE THEY'D RATHER WATCH WRESTLERS THAN EAT!

HEY! YOU'RE NOT FIGURING ON MATCHING ME WITH THOSE BIG, BEARDED LUMBERJACKS, ARE YOU?

PERISH THE THOUGHT! BUT THE **WOMEN OF THE NORTH COUNTRY** ARE TOUGH, TOO! YOU'LL FIND PLENTY OF CONTENDERS!



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



NOW, DERE, BY GAR,
IS GAL FOR BIG LOUIS
LAFITTE! SO STRONG,
SO TOUGH, SO PURTY!
SEE HOW SHE T'ROW
DAT OLD CROW,
FEROCIOUS FANNY!

AH, MA
"CHEREE"
YOU ARE
WONDERFUL
--AND SO
BEAUTIFUL,
TOO!

HUH??



I PLENTY
LOVE YOU!...
BIG LOUIS LAFITTE
WAN' YOU TO MARRY
WEETH HEEM!

ARE YOU
KIDDING?



I'M GONNA
TEAR HER
APART!



WAIT! WE
CAN'T WASTE
THIS!

YOU'RE A WOMAN
OF TALENT, MY DEAR!
YOUR PLACE IS ON THE
WRESTLING MAT WITH
DAFFY, THE LADY
WRESTLER! THEN
YOU'LL BE PAID FOR
THE BEATING
YOU'LL TAKE!

WHO'S GONNA
TAKE A BEATIN'?
WHY, I'LL
MEET HER
ANY PLACE,
ANY TIME --
AND MURDER
HER!

IS THAT
SO?...
WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT!

YOU WEEEL
BE BIG
LOUIS
LAFITTE'S
QUEEN! --
CLEAN HOUSE,
COOK GRUB,
AN BE PLENTY
HAPPY WEETH
ME!



SMASH COMICS



LEMME
AT HER!...
I'LL
SHOW
HER!

NOT
NOW!



BAH! WOMEN
ALL ZE TIME TALK!
WHEN BIG LOUIS LAFITTE
PROPOSE TO WOMAN,
SHE LISTEN TO HEEM,
UNDERSTAN'?



BIG LOUIS
SAY HE LOVE
YOU! HE
WAN' YOU TO
MARRY WEETH
HEEM!

B-BUT I DON'T
LOVE YOU! ...
AS A MATTER
OF FACT, I
DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOU
-- AND,
BESIDES, I
DON'T BELIEVE
IN SHORT
ENGAGEMENTS!



AH... LOUIS DIE
NOW! ZE BEAUTIFUL
WAN DO NOT LOVE ME!
OHHHH... SNIFF...
SNIFF...



C'MON, DAFFY!
WE'VE GOT A WRESTLING
MATCH ALL SET FOR YOU!
WE GOTTA MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS
FOR STAGING
IT!



WHAT'S
EATIN' YOU,
LOUIS?

OHHHHHH...
MY HEART!
SHE EES
BRREAKING!



AT LAST, LOUIS FIND
ZE WOMAN OF HEES DREAMS...
AN' WHAT HAPPEN? SHE DO NOT
LOVE HEEM! OOH... I WEEL
DIE OF ZE GRIEF! SNIFF...

SNIFF
POOR
LOUIS!

SNIFF
SNIFF



YA CAN'T TAKE
IT LYING DOWN, LOUIS!
YA GOTTA DO SUMP'N
ABOUT IT! ... YA
CAN'T LET A WOMAN
MAKE A FOOL
OF YA!

SMASH COMICS

ZAT BE RIGHT!
LOUIS CANNOT LET
ZE WOMAN MAKE ZE
FOOL OF HEEM!
WHAT LOUIS WANT,
HE TAKE!



THAT
EVENING...



I WANTA SHOW
YOU THE SPOT I'VE
FOUND FOR THE
WRESTLING MATCHES,
DAFFY! WE'LL HAVE
THE FIRST ONE TONIGHT!
YOU CAN FLATTEN
FEROCIOUS FANNY
FOR A WARM-UP!

THERE SHE GO!
AN' THAT LEETLE FELLER
WEETH HER ... MEBBE IT
EES HEEM SHE LOVE!
BUT BIG LOUIS
FEEX ZAT, TOO!



THE LOVE OF
BIG LOUIS LAFITTE
EES NOT TO BE
TRIFLED WEETH!



HEY!!
WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

WE GOING TO
HAVE ZE BEEG WEDDING
AN' ZE BEEG FUNERAL
TOGETHER!



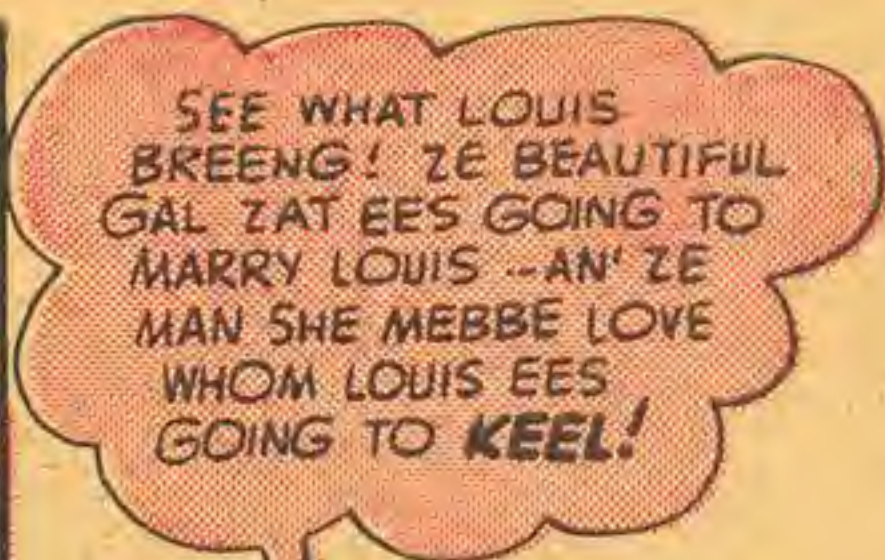
HE CAN'T
HAVE ME IN
MIND FOR THE
WEDDING--
SO IT MUST
BE THE
'FUNERAL!

DEKE!
WE'RE GOING
TOO FAST TO
JUMP OFF!





HEY! ...IT'S
LOUIS!...



SEE WHAT LOUIS
BREENG! ZE BEAUTIFUL
GAL ZAT EES GOING TO
MARRY LOUIS --AN' ZE
MAN SHE MEBBE LOVE
WHOM LOUIS EES
GOING TO **KEEL!**



NOW...
SOMEBODY GET
ZE JUSTICE OF PEACE
OUT OF BED AN' BREENG
HEEM HERE TO MAKE
ZE WEDDING!
MEANWHILE, BIG
LOUIS WEEL SPEND
ZE TIME BREAKING
ZE BONES OF ZE
MAN SHE LOVE!

GOSH!
SHE'S
PURTY!
I THINK
I'LL MARRY
HER
M'SELF!



WHAT YOU
SAY??...
ZEES WOMAN
SHE EES
FOR
LOUIS!

THAT'S WHAT
LOUIS THINKS!
I GOTTA IDEA
SHE'D RUTHER
MARRY **ME** -
ON ACCOUNTA
I'M BETTER
LOOKIN'!



ZAT SQUASH
YOUR FACE SO
YOU NOT BETTER
LOOKING!



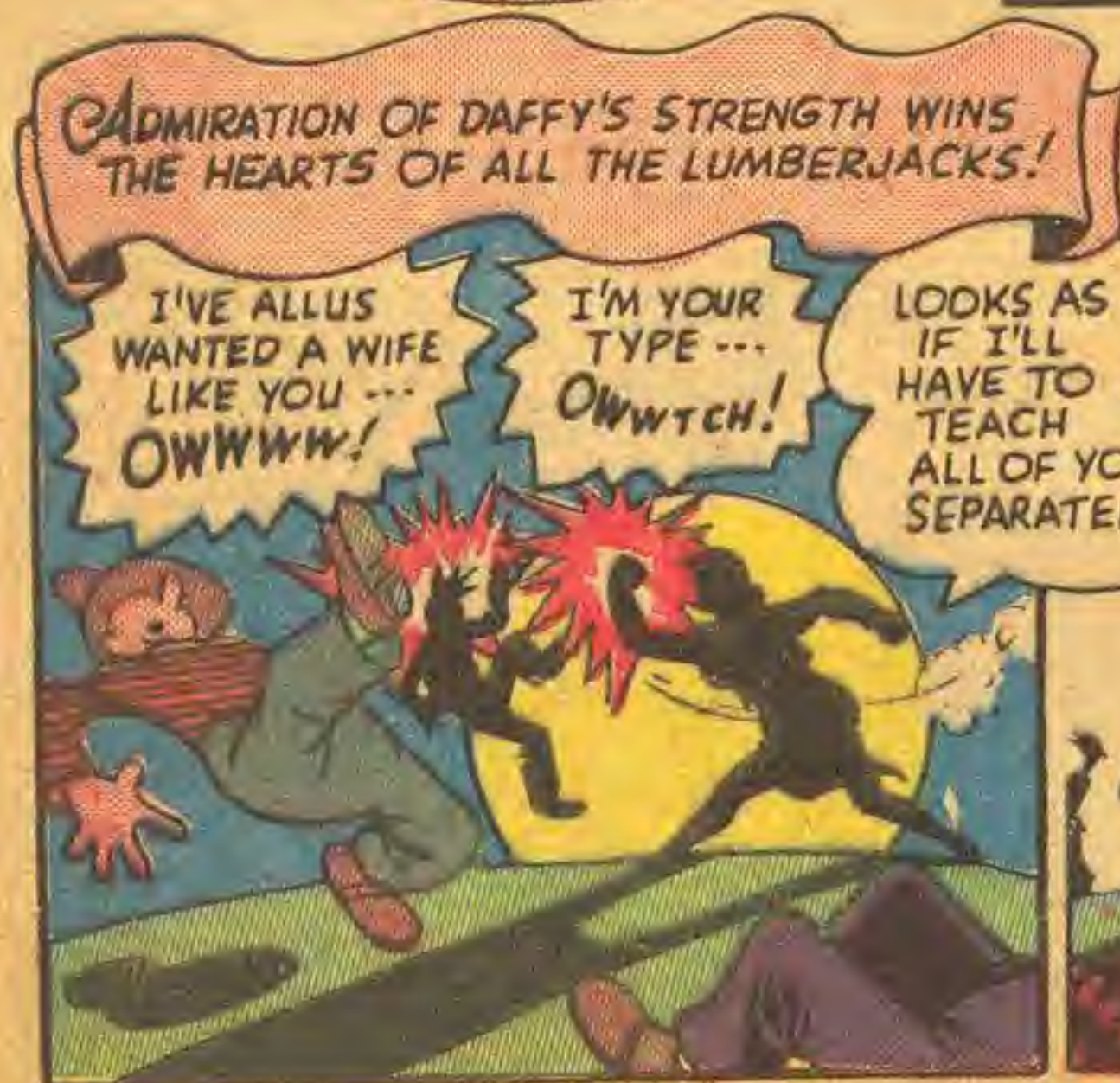
UGH!

UGH!



NOW YOU BELIEVE
BIG LOUIS WHEN
HE SAY HE MARRY
HER ... NOT YOU!
YES?

SMASH COMICS



★ HERE'S NEWS! READ ALL ABOUT IT

THESE CAN BE YOURS

and
MONEY
too!



Look them over, Fellers! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

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GET STARTED NOW --

Captain Tootsie and the HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK

MIDNIGHT... CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND ROLLO ARE ON A LONELY ROAD... AND A STORM IS BREWING!

RAIN! LET'S TAKE SHELTER HERE!

B-B-BUT THIS IS THE H-HAUNTED HOUSE!

LISTEN! G-G-GHOSTS!

CREAK! CREAK!

NONSENSE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! A SPOOK RATTLING CHAINS!

MUST BE IN THE CELLAR... LET'S GO SEE!

CLANK! CLANKITY-CLANK!

SHHHHH!

POOR ROLLO... HE'S SCARED SPEECHLESS!

TOOT-SEEE!

CUT OUT DE WHISTLIN' OR YOU'LL BE A GHOST YUHSELF!

RELEASE THAT BOY!

OWRRR!

NO WONDER HE TRIED TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY... HE'S BEEN MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

YEP, THESE BANKROLLS ARE COUNTERFEIT-BUT THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT TOOTSIE ROLLS... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS GOLD!

TOOT-SEE-GLURG!

CLANKITY-CLANK!

KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU

A THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN

B₁ THE APPETITE VITAMIN

B₂ THE GROWTH VITAMIN

D THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN

PLUS-IRON, THE "RED BLOOD MINERAL," CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND NIACIN.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!

TOOTSIE VM

NO RATION POINTS AT YOUR GROCER'S